

THE LIGUORIAN

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No. 4

The Empty Breath

I

The empty breath of human praise,—
A cloud that flits across the sky.
A flame that dies, a pinch of dust,
The beard upon the rye.

II

The empty breath of human praise,—
A rose that fades, a blade of grass;
A swallow twitt'ring as he flies,
A spectre quick to pass.

III

The empty breath of human praise,—
The flicker of a candle-light;
The moaning of the deep sea-waves,
An infant's wail, at night.

IV

The empty breath of human praise,—
A bubble on a rapid stream;—
Words, words that tinkle on the ear,
That are not, only seem.

W. T. BOND, C. SS. R.

IF IT DIE—THEN HOW CAN IT LIVE?

ST. JOHN, XII, 23-25

A bad omen? It was in the week preceding the Easter feast. All Jerusalem was crowded with strangers; and homes and streets were gay and happy. Joy was in the air, for there was so much of it in the hearts of men. Every day the majestic temple was crowded to its limit. It was only natural that men should be interested in our Lord, and many were the questions asked concerning the Prophet lately arisen in the land. And lo, there he was in that crowd.

There he was in the outer court of the temple. The immense court is now thronged with men and women in gayest attire; friends meet friends of long ago and noisy crowds are gossiping about the news from faraway. In that crowd there are some pagan converts, Greeks or Gentiles as they are called in the Gospel. They were going from group to group with ever the same question on their lips: "Sir, we would see Jesus." Somebody took pity on them at last, and led them to one of the apostles. It was Philip. "Philip cometh and telleth Andrew; again Andrew and Philip told Jesus." How Our Lord's reputation must have gone abroad! To think that these men were looking for Him so anxiously; men from other lands! Now we might expect Him to speak of success and life and glory. Will He? We have heard Him describe the appearance of His kingdom on earth. It should appear as a tiny seed deposited by the sower. A seed that shall fail in many a heart, where bad will and base passion will smother it, or the demon pluck it away. Yet He is confident of success! The few verses under consideration just now only increase the wonder of His confidence. The seed is not only small but it must die also; and from death shall spring forth exuberant life; and more! Not only must Our Lord Himself die, but also His apostles and those who work with Him must be prepared to die. Is that not asking too much? Is that not scaring away friends instead of welcoming them? Yet, just listen to Him explain and insist on it: the road to success lies across the grave. "But Jesus answered them saying: The hour is come, that the Son of man should be glorified." And what sort of glory is He expecting now? It is the glory due to God: the glory which He had with the Father before the beginning of the world, the glory which unending songs of saints and angels will re-echo forever, when every knee shall bend to Him "of those that are in heaven and on earth and beneath the earth." And how does He propose to enter on the possession of it? "The hour is come." The few words seem harmlessly simple; and yet what a depth of anguish do they not mean for Him? It means the hour of His death. In the seventh chapter, verse 30, the same expression is used: "They sought therefore to apprehend Him; and no man laid hands on Him; because his hour was not yet come." Again, in the following chapter, verse 20: "These words Jesus spoke in the treasury, teaching in the temple; and no man laid hands on Him because His hour was not yet come." But then, how can the hour of His death be an hour of glory?

An unpromising venture. "Amen, amen, I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground, die, itself remaineth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit." That sounds very well; a familiar thing in nature. Wheat and corn and fruit trees have no minds to doubt and have no hearts to tremble and quail and cower. But the harvest Our Lord is promising Himself is a harvest of human minds and hearts. May His death not prove a stumbling-block to the

minds of men, who will doubt His power? May His death not prove a scandal for many a heart that dreads the lesson of sacrifice?

Why, what were the taunts and jeers the Jews hurled at Him when breathing His last on the cross? "He saved others, Himself He cannot save! If he be the king of Israel, let Him now come down from the cross, and we will believe Him." (Mt. XXVII, 42.) See how His death would be turned against Him! Pagan philosophers will not miss the argument either. Celsus will sneer at the Christians for adoring a crucified God. Lucian will publish his blasphemous jibes. And even in the schoolrooms of Pompeii boys will sketch a cross on the wall and make their meanest sport of our most sacred mystery. How then can Our Lord promise so rich a harvest from His death? Even His dearest friends began to grow sad and lose heart when He died. The two disciples on the way to Emmaus are good instances. He met them on the way and gently cheered their drooping spirits; and made it clear to them that His death would only usher in His glory: "O foolish and slow of heart to believe in all things which the prophets have spoken! Ought not Christ to have suffered these things, and so to enter into His glory?" Long ago had the prophet Isaiah spoken the memorable words: "Therefore will I distribute to Him very many, and he shall divide the spoils of the strong, because he hath delivered his soul unto death." (Is. LIII, 12.) The prophet is just speaking of the Messiah. He is recording God's infallible pledge that the death of the Messiah will be His triumph. And the following chapter forms a song of victory. This may explain why Our Lord speaks of His death so often. Under all circumstances the thought of it seems ever present to Him. Strangest of all: He speaks of it after those few brief hours when a little ray of His divinity was permitted to slip out. For example: Just after that scene when St. Peter professed his faith in His divinity and when our Lord laid the foundation stone of His church by promising him the primacy. Again after His dazzling transfiguration on Mount Tabor. He spoke of it to Nicodemus after that first Easter feast when He wrought so many miracles that even His enemies had to admit that God was with Him; for else He could not have worked such signs. He will repeat it in this very chapter down in verse 32: "And I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all things to Myself." St. John does not leave us in doubt as to the meaning of the words: "Now this he said, signifying what death he should die." (verse 33) How shall that come to pass? How will He draw all things to Himself? He will draw all; invite all; attract them by His teaching and His grace; but will all yield to His appeal and come? Ah, no!

He has already told us in a general way that many would not receive the seed of His doctrine. He goes further, and tells us also in what proportion they will come: few from among His own nation; many from the gentile world. This idea is barely insinuated here; for when the gentiles apply to see to Our Lord, He immediately speaks of glory as being now at hand. Many a time has He expressly asserted it. Once He addressed these severe words to an audience of Jews: "There shall be weeping and gnashing of teeth, when you shall see Abraham and Isaac and Jacob, and all the prophets in the kingdom of God, and you yourselves thrust out. And they shall come from the east and the west and the north and the south, and shall sit down in the kingdom of God."

This is really strange. For if the Jews would not believe Him—then who would? They were expecting a Messiah with all that intense enthusiasm which only national pride can breed. They did not doubt that the prophets who foretold Him were inspired by God; and they knew that the appointed time was just running its course. They were the witnesses and oft the happy recipients

of His miraculous favors. Besides, if they rejected Him, this alone would constitute a strong argument against Our Lord when His apostles would preach His doctrine among foreign nations. Besides the pagan nations had fallen in Love with the cults which their ancestors handed down to them; which too often pandered to the lowest passions. They too had seen many a charlatan laying claim to supernatural powers and later on learned of his ignominious exposure. Above all, they generally detested the Jews; as we see from the works of the Roman poets of that day. So all things bid fair to go awry. If Our Lord should die, the Apostles might well think that all their hopes would go to the grave with Him. And just here the most amazing point of all comes to light. He not only seems to discourage all by predicting His own death; but even goes to the incredible length of asking all the others to be ready to lay down their lives along with Him!

A disheartening future. "He that loveth his life shall lose it; and he that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life eternal." By this He means that His followers must be prepared to make any sacrifice for His sake: make any sacrifice rather than forsake His faith; make any sacrifice rather than fail in perseverance unto death. His generous example gives Him a good right to speak so: "Christ also suffered for us, leaving you an example that you should follow his steps" (1 St. Peter, II, 21). But how must this impress the Apostles?

Many a time they show us how weak and apprehensive they are. How they trembled in the storm at sea and, when Our Lord came to them walking on the waves. At times in a flutter of transient courage they promised to stand by Him even though death were in store for them. And when the moment of trial came, when He was arrested and led away, they all fled; and St. Peter denied Him thrice. And of such men He asks the sacrifice of their lives in good earnest? On such brittle courage as theirs will He rest the foundations of His church against which the powers of earth and hell will rage? If He lured them on by a fairy tale of golden future, He might entrance them; if He actually gave them crowns and thrones He might attach them to His cause. But to offer them only bitter sacrifice; and to assure them that death and hate would meet them at every cross road and hound them from land to land—surely, this would be enough to frighten them away! Yet Our Lord, though holding out the most hideous terrors, is sure of their future courage and perseverance. "Behold, I send you as sheep in the midst of wolves. Be ye therefore wise as serpents and simple as doves. Beware of men. For they will deliver you up in councils and they will scourge you in their synagogues; and you shall be brought before governors, and before kings for my sake, for a testimony to them and to the Gentiles. But when they shall deliver you up, take no thought how or what to speak; for it shall be given you in that hour what to speak." To whom is He making these promises? To men without any higher education; without an inkling of the sciences and the arts, unused to the refinements of aristocratic society, unskilled in the resources of eloquence. To men whose mental calibre often seemed so commonplace that Our Lord himself often lamented their slowness and dullness of comprehension. And these fishermen must go out to conquer the world? They must confront the governors and sages of the world in open court and put them to shame? They must stand before kings and emperors without cringing, not as cowering suppliants but as teachers; not bowing to the will of any man; but superior to the will of the highest by virtue of the superior authority which God has vested in them? Surely they must fear for the outcome and think of some preparation and practice. No matter how futile this might prove in men so far advanced in years, Our Lord forbids even this slight indulgence to human prudence and bids them go just as they are: He will provide. What promises are they? In the councils of the kings they will meet the trained

logician, the philosopher who has traveled the world over, the sages deeply versed in the lore of centuries; and yet our Apostles will meet them triumphantly, just the right word will ever be upon their lips; that word which will brush away as gossamer threads all the ponderous learning of their opponents. In the synagogues of Palestine they will clash with minds deeply versed in all the intricacies of time-honored traditions, in the subtleties of a complicated legal system; men whose cunning and astuteness we have often seen in the Gospel-stories, when they dared approach Our Lord Himself and lay snares for Him to trip Him in His speech. How could the Apostles hope to cope with such opponents? Vastly superior as their enemies were to them in all the weapons of earth; it was equally certain that these enemies were determined to profit by their superiority in order to secure the death of these Apostles and the ruin of their cause. Then must the Apostles quail before their task and dread those words: "He that loveth his life shall lose it." No, they could not love their life; sacrifice was inevitable in such an encounter. How often was their courage and the promise of Our Lord put to the test? Had His assistance failed them but once they surely would have been the very first to desert Him. Had it failed, surely they could not have won their very opponents over to their side. Yet what does history tell us? They did go forth into a wide and hostile world. They stood before the Sanedrim in Jerusalem and the learned men were dumbfounded by the words that fell from the lips of these untutored fishermen and themselves knew not how to answer them. They stood in ancient Athens in the market place and in the halls of the Areopagus and the pupils of Aristotle and Plato and Zeno marvelled at the learning of these strangers. They stood before the thrones of Neros and Domitians, boldly and victoriously. That warning was burned into their souls: "He that loveth his life shall lose it." And willingly did they accept a martyr's death. Nor was this all. Those words met the eyes of thousands after them; thousands of every rank and station, of every age and land, and those words which should have frightened these thousands away only proved their loyalty and won other thousands to walk in their footsteps though stained with their blood and while dinning in their ears was the ominous warning: "He that loveth his life shall lose it."

Sacrifice is a trademark. Sacrifice is the mark written all over the life of Our Lord, written there in characters of want and contempt and suffering and blood and death. This same mark must be the distinguishing trait of all His followers and principally of His Church. Then turn to the voices of the martyrs in whom this character is most evident, and ask them to what Church they belonged.

Oftentimes just the greatest among them will bear testimony to the primacy of the Roman Church and therefore to the Catholic Church alone. Oftentimes the noblest and most heroic will be found on the altars in the catacombs bearing unmistakable testimony to the sacrifice of the Mass. In this respect our Catholic Church is part and parcel of that Church to which St. Paul belonged and of which the Roman Jews said: "Concerning this sect, we know that it is gainsaid everywhere." Just as this was the mark of the Church of Christ then, so it remains the badge of the Catholic Church to-day. Ask the converts how much they must suffer for the step they took when entering our Church and see that entrance lies over the stone of sacrifice. Read our papers and see that still she is gainsaid everywhere and chances of suffering a little for her abound. See how the lesson has permeated so many a Catholic family where perhaps a favorite daughter has suddenly packed up her trunk and forsaken all the pleasures, even the very sweetest which life could offer, and followed the invitation: "He that hateth his life in this world, keepeth it unto life eternal." How many a family saw a young lad growing up gay and merry and suddenly grow pensive and one day come to his mother's side and whisper to her of the call of grace within his heart. Young though he be, he has caught the spirit of our Church, the spirit of Our Lord, and he too is willing to lay down all as a sacrifice of love.

JOHN ZELLER, C. SS. R.

WHY DO WE FAST?

Among most people today fasting is greatly undervalued. In fact there are not a few who tolerantly smile or evince a feeling of resentment when the lenten regulations are read from the pulpit each year on Quinquagesima Sunday. Before passing judgment on this time-hallowed institution, let us weigh its worth.

We find that fasting was in vogue with nearly all peoples, not only with the Jews, but also with the pagans of Greece, Egypt, and India. We know that the prophets fasted and imposed fasting upon others as a penance. Holy Writ tells us of the Saviour, that before entering upon His public ministry He fasted forty days and forty nights. The Church does not wish to be behindhand in her imitation of the Master, nor to be outdone by Jew and pagan, therefore she has inserted fasting in her program of education. She demands that on the week-days of Lent, and on certain other days during the year, we satisfy our appetite but once, and that we abstain from flesh-meat on Fridays. An institution existing for centuries, and sanctified by the example of Jesus Christ, cannot be unreasonable.

THE STOMACH, A TYRANT.

The stomach is a mighty tyrant, more powerful than any king of earth. He commands and all obey, both man and beast are subject to him. The craving of the appetite after food and drink urges man on to diligent toil, and many a one, if hunger were unknown, would readily lay aside the implements of labor. If his power were exerted only for good, we should be thankful to him. But even children are led to petty thieving, already at that tender age envious glances are cast upon the bigger piece, and selfish greed will not share with a brother or sister. Those accredited with the use of discretion toady to this lord by every sort of satisfaction, even excessive, and hence many a theft and murder burdens his conscience. This despot must be brought low; he should rule no longer. As servant he renders valuable service to the body, which he makes strong and healthy, but he is unfit for the mastership. Reason should reign, not the appetite.

A man who yields to every craving of the stomach, who simply must have everything his appetite desires, whether it be beneficial to him or not, is certainly deprived of his liberty. Such a one is to be pitied, because of the chains and yoke under which he groans; for it is unworthy of a free spirit to be a servant and slave to corporal

necessities. Ignorance cannot be a plea. The habitual toper, for example, knows very well that drunkenness ruins body and soul, but he is a slave of his unreasonable desires. Even those not given to such vice, only too often find themselves catering to the dictates of the appetites.

From all this must be inferred that the stomach must be made uncompromisingly subservient. And this is by no means impossible. Förster in his treatise on pedagogy gives a very apt illustration. Those who have ever attended a circus will readily remember how trainers have placed their hand or even their head in the mouth of lions, without being harmed by them. Now, the lion is a ferocious beast, and would naturally enjoy devouring the keeper, but training has brought him so far that he will withstand the demands of his savage nature. Should rational man, then, be unable to silence the demands of his stomach, when these are sinful?

The Church points to the means by the law of fasting. Man should deny himself the satisfaction of eating unto satiety several times a day, and should abstain from flesh-meat to show that not his appetite but his rational will holds sway within him. He that can do this is master of himself, and of his desires, and his soul can rise untrammelled above the lusts of the flesh.

The consequences of fasting reach far beyond that which is purely corporal. He who, in spite of the craving of hunger, is able to withstand the desire for food, will likewise find little difficulty in overcoming the concupiscence of sin. Experienced pedagogues have long since admitted that feasting, and the tickling of the palate, and inordinate longing for enjoyment, are usually the forerunners of impurity. This is a most natural consequence, for he who cannot deny his stomach anything, can scarcely take a firm stand against the encroachments of sensuality. On the other hand, the subjection of the appetite renders the practice of virtue less difficult. Thus, then, fasting is an excellent means of bringing the body under the dominion of the spirit, of rendering man, in some degree, independent of his corporal necessities.

THE LANGUAGE OF HIS SLAVES.

The old objection is often brought up: "Fasting is unhealthy!" Let us refer to the dicta of medical men. I have heard it time and again from the lips of doctors, that fasting is most conducive to good health, and in proof hereof they point to the Trappist order. Those

monks must observe a rigorous fast during the greater part of the year. Flesh-meat is entirely interdicted, as well as fish, and at stated periods even the use of eggs, butter, and milk is forbidden. They live almost exclusively on vegetables. The monks are engaged in agriculture, and their day of strenuous labor consists of seventeen and one-half hours. Though they must endure the rigors of inclement weather without the comfort of artificial heat, these four thousand monks scattered over the earth enjoy good health, and many of them live to a silvery old age. We have here an undeniable proof that fasting is not detrimental to health, nor injurious to labor-capacity.

On the contrary, medical science has forced upon us the conviction that many diseases can be cured only by a diet, in other words by hunger. Experience has proved that most men eat more than is necessary for the preservation of health. A superfluity in this regard is directly injurious, because thereby unwholesome matter collects in the body and slowly brings on autopoisoning. A healthy man, therefore, need not entertain any apprehension that fasting is injurious to him. Such fears are ungrounded.

The same may be said of the Friday law. Many a one in blooming health would have you believe that he cannot tolerate lenten food. Such a one, I may declare with several prominent physicians, has a ruined stomach, and for him there is no more efficacious remedy on God's earth than hunger.

Another objection is that lenten food is not nutritious. Now we have learned from eminent scientists, who have made experiments for years, that abstinence from meat by no means lessens man's capacity for labor. Nay, more, he can, without the use of flesh-meat, exert his strength to the utmost, and yet suffer no damage in health. A vegetable diet affords man all that is necessary for the upkeep of health and life, while a too frequent partaking of meat is detrimental.

TRUE FREEDOM.

In the face of all these facts we ought not to look with disdain upon the Church's regulations of fasting and abstinence. It is only during certain periods that she asks us to eat but one full meal a day, and ordinarily only once a week to abstain from flesh-meat. Furthermore, this indulgent mother has granted many indults, to render her demand less severe. Knowing the wholesomeness of her law we ought to keep it all the more willingly.

Those who on the grounds of ill-health or otherwise are unable

to fast, have abundant opportunities of keeping the law at least in spirit. We might mention, among others, a more diligent suppression of the passions, a more persevering combat with temptations; prayers, almsdeeds, etc. In this way the law of fasting also attains its object.

No one who is able to fast should seek false excuses in order to circumvent the law. Anent this spirit of mortification the famous John Stewart Mill has a word to say: "He that has never denied himself anything that is lawful, can scarcely be expected to deny himself all that is unlawful. We have no doubt that the day will come when children and youths will be trained to mortify themselves, and will be taught to repress their lusts, and to suffer pain voluntarily." We see then that fasting is by no means antiquated. It is just as necessary for our age as it was for the centuries past, for the passions have not ceased to be unruly.

JOS. W. PRINTEN, C. Ss. R.

Let us have recourse, and always have recourse, to our most sweet Queen, Mary, if we would be certain of salvation; and if we are alarmed and disheartened at the sight of our sins, let us remember that it is in order to save the greatest and most abandoned sinners, who recommend themselves to her, that Mary is made the Queen of Mercy. Such sinners have to be her crown in heaven, according to the words addressed to her by her Divine Spouse: "Come from Libanus, my Spouse; come from Libanus, come: Thou shalt be crowned; . . . from the dens of the lions, from the mountains of the leopards." And what are these dens of beasts, but miserable sinners, whose souls have become the home of sin, the most frightful beast that can be found. "With such souls," says the Abbot Rupert, "saved by thy intercession, O great Queen Mary, wilt thou be crowned in heaven; for their salvation will form a diadem worthy of, and well becoming, a Queen of Mercy."

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

Mary is a Queen, but, for our common consolation, be it known that she is a Queen so sweet, clement, and ready to help us in our miseries, that the holy Church wills that we should salute her under the title of Queen of Mercy.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

WHEN THE MISSIONARY COMES HOME

We always feel glad when the missionary comes home. Six months ago he left us, fresh, vigorous, and on fire with zeal for the souls he was going to save. Now he has returned, and we crowd around him as children around their long-absent father, or as young soldiers, preparing for war, would gather around a returned hero and listen eagerly to his stories of battles and great accomplishments. As was said, the missionary left us six months ago fresh and vigorous. Now he looks weary, haggard, and wasted. His eyes are sunken. The blush of health has faded on his cheeks, and the hand we grasp is thin and nervous. Is it any wonder? Were not these six months of undaunted, relentless struggle not against man or any earthly power, but against Satan and the powers of hell? And the missionary was armed only with the crucifix in his hand, and in his heart the Spirit of God.

You see then why the missionary's return—the coming home of the good father, the brave old soldier—is for us a cause for special rejoicing.

But how describe the feelings that well up in our hearts as we listen to his stories of the struggle just ended—the struggle against sin—the struggle for souls?

* * *

"The first mission," begins the old man, glancing at the little slip of paper on which, for our sake, he has jotted down notes of his most eventful experiences, "the first mission was given at the little town of Isidore in Ohio. It was during Christmas week. The mission was well attended, if you consider that the parish is a small one and the weather was extremely cold. It was so cold, in fact, that blankets around our feet and heavy fur overcoats scarcely kept us from freezing in the confessional. But, thanks to the great mercy of God, the mission had its wonted effects. Scandals were removed; enmities were healed; offended justice was appeased; and great sinners were brought back to lines of virtue. There was just one exception," the old missionary's eyes filled with tears, "Alas! there was one sad exception. There was a man in the parish who had remained away from the Sacraments for many years. The pastor had long since wearied in his zealous attempts to bring this straying sheep back to the fold. This bad Catholic was the source of much scandal in the

parish. He was wealthy and most successful in his business, and people wondered how so unfaithful a wretch could be thus blessed by Heaven, while many of his neighbors, good, practical Catholics, were left in an uneven fight against want and suffering. But everyone, and especially the good pastor, hoped that the mission would put an end to this sad state of affairs.

"I went to the sinner's house and did all I could to bring the poor fellow to a sense of duty. I told him how disappointed I was at not seeing him attend the mission.

" 'Oh!' he said, 'I have no need of the mission. I'm getting along well enough not to be troubled by such things as missions.'

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" 'Ho! ho!' he laughed, 'Sacraments! You folks are always trying to frighten people. You say that God punishes us for not doing all you tell us. Why then has He never punished me?'

" 'My dear man,' I said, 'your life is not yet over. God still has time to punish you. You may see the day when you will call for a priest, and there will be none at hand to help you.'

"He laughed again—one of those sarcastic laughs that puts a man's patience on edge. Bowing me out the door, he said: 'Never fear. When I need a priest, I'll call for him. Good-bye.'

"That was on Wednesday. The mission closed the following Sunday morning. I was alone in my little room, packing up the few things I had along, and preparing to leave. I was thinking over the events of the past week. I felt delighted, albeit humbled, at the thought that God had used so weak an instrument to perform such glorious work. Ah! if only that one bad Catholic had been converted! Now he is going to remain in the parish like the 'mildewed ear' on the corn stalk, 'blasting his wholesome brothers.'

" 'Hustle up, Father,' called out the pastor, 'your train is due in half an hour and it's a long way to the station.'

"Well, anyhow, this unfortunate man—I could not keep him from my thoughts, as we drove along in the cold morning to Isidore station—shows me how much is due to the Grace of God the little good we do. There! I had used all my eloquence on the fellow and tried every artifice I could think of to bring him to the right road, all to no avail. It's the Grace of God that does the work, and when a man doggedly rejects that grace—God, pity him!

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"That was on Wednesday. The mission closed the following Sunday morning. I was alone in my little room, packing up the few things I had along, and preparing to leave. I was thinking over the events of the past week. I felt delighted, albeit humbled, at the thought that God had used so weak an instrument to perform such glorious work. Ah! if only that one bad Catholic had been converted! Now he is going to remain in the parish like the 'mildewed ear' on the corn stalk, 'blasting his wholesome brothers.'

"'Hustle up, Father,' called out the pastor, 'your train is due in half an hour and it's a long way to the station.'

"Well, anyhow, this unfortunate man—I could not keep him from my thoughts, as we drove along in the cold morning to Isidore station—shows me how much is due to the Grace of God the little good we do. There! I had used all my eloquence on the fellow and tried every artifice I could think of to bring him to the right road, all to no avail. It's the Grace of God that does the work, and when a man doggedly rejects that grace—God, pity him!

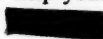
"A sudden hauling up of the horse brought me back from my reverie.

"Say, Father,' from the pastor, 'what's that lying over in the field? It looks like a man.'

"Some poor fellow overcome by the cold,' I said. 'You hold the horse and I'll go to see what is the matter.'

"He was lying against a tree—a stiffened corpse. His hat was pulled down over his eyes, and as I raised it I exclaimed:

"My God! my God!' and ringing clear in my ears I heard my words repeated—'You will see the day when you will call for a priest and there will be none at hand to help you.'"

 H. PATHE, C. SS. R.

FATHER TIM CASEY

"None o' yer lip, these gur-r-ls have a permit for a picnic in this section of Woodland Park. They don't want the likes o' ye upholstering the benches. Go on! Along wid ye, or I'll run ye in!"

"Ya-as you will" [and when he was safely out of reach] "like hell!"

"Ou-ou-ou-ou!" chorused the girls who were shocked, or pretended to be shocked at the tramp's ambiguous simile.

"Sillies!" sneered Sylvia St. Claire, "why should you pay any more attention to that word than if he had mentioned Utopia, Wonderland or any other imaginary place?"

"Imaginary place!" Hannah Callagee fairly screamed, "you don't mean to say hell—"

"Hannah Callagee, you cuss worse words than that Gloomy Gus that was giving back talk to the copper," teased Letty Hoyne, casting an apprehensive glance over her shoulder to make sure that her own slangy verbiage had not been overheard by Sister Caritas.

"Novel as the statement may sound to your benighted ears, I do mean to say that hell is an imaginary place," calmly dogmatized Sylvia.

Sylvia St. Claire was the only child of parents whose religion was pleasure and who, after systematically spoiling Sylvia until she was eighteen, had sent her to the Sisters to have all theological and moral virtues instilled into her heart in the course of one or two scholastic years.

"The Church of God teaches that there is a hell, and the Church of God cannot teach a lie," said Hannah.

"If you Catholics want to manufacture a place of eternal torments to go to after you die, you are welcome. But you forget that I am not a member of your Church."

The queenly Sylvia, having thus quashed the unwelcome truth, was turning away when Hannah cried:

"The Bible says so, and I hope you believe the Word of God."

"Whether I believe the Bible or not matters little. If you knew the Greek and Oriental languages in which the Bible is written, you would know that it says nothing of the sort. The word in the Bible that is translated by our English word, hell, is nothing else than the mysterious land beyond the grave."

Sister Caritas had not failed to catch floating fragments of the conversation, and had hastened to send up her heaviest guns in the person of Father Casey.

"Perfidious Sylvia," laughed Father Casey, "have a heart! How coolly you permit us Catholics to consign ourselves to the lower regions! And as for yourself, may I ask where you are planning on sojourning in your life after death, or do you expect to have your 'be-all and your end-all' here, like poor Fido, whom the girls tearfully consigned to his last resting place yesterday?"

"My sojourn will be beyond the azure dome—in heaven," declaimed Sylvia with a tragic gesture taken from the movies.

"How do you know there is a heaven?"

"The Bible says so," Sylvia answered promptly.

"Then, if the Bible says there is a hell, I suppose you will believe that too."

"Yes," replied Sylvia, "but the Bible does not say—"

"Let us see. The Bible says, 'If thy eye scandalize thee—' Bridget, what does the Bible say about scandal?"

"If thy hand or thy foot scandalize thee, cut it off and cast it from thee. It is better for thee to go into life lame or maimed, than having two hands and two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thy eye scandalize thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee. It is better for thee having one eye to enter into life, than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire," recited Bridget.

"Now, Sylvia," continued the priest, "you possess such remarkably acute intelligence that you will see at a glance that the 'ever-

lasting fire' and the 'hell fire' here referred to do not mean the land beyond the grave. They rather mean one of the two states in that 'mysterious land.' One is the state of *life* or happiness in union with God, whither it is a great blessing to go, even at the cost of losing an eye or a hand. The other is the state of *suffering* or separation from God, whither it would be a curse to go, even in order to preserve both eyes or both hands."

"Our Lord does not mean real fire, does he, Father?" queried Myrtle Maze.

"I think, Myrtle, when Our Lord speaks, we can safely give Him credit for meaning what He says."

"But He cannot mean real fire, otherwise it could not be everlasting," interrupted Myrtle. "There is not fuel enough to keep even the smallest fire burning forever."

Myrtle Maze, one of the Catholic boarders, must not be mistaken for an abnormally profound thinker. She was simply repeating a passage from the last book which she and Sylvia had smuggled in and read on the sly. For, be it remembered, a rotten apple is not always made good by being placed beside a sound apple. Sometimes the process is reversed.

What Father Casey wished to reply was that Myrtle needed a spanking more than a counter-argument. What he did reply was:

"If hell fire were the same as the fire of this world, your difficulty would merit consideration. However, it is quite a different fire, because it was created by Almighty God for quite a different purpose. God created the fire of this world to be of service to His children. It cannot give pain to a disembodied soul, neither can it burn without consuming the material on which it feeds. On the other hand, God created hell fire to punish the stubborn reprobate even while his soul is separated from his body and also to burn without consuming. Therefore the fire of hell is altogether different from the fire of this world—altogether different from the fire of which we have any knowledge. Yet, remember, that does not prevent it from being a very real fire. However, the nature of the fire of hell is a secondary question, we are discussing the existence of hell. Let us hear more from Sylvia. You know the story of Dives and Lazarus, Sylvia. What does the Bible say about them?"

"It says," answered Sylvia, with an uncomfortable feeling that her trenches were being undermined, "that Lazarus died and was

carried by angels into Abraham's bosom and that Dives died and was buried in hell, and that Dives was suffering from thirst in the fire and asked Lazarus for a drop of water, but that there was a great chasm between them—"

"Oho! then hell cannot mean the 'mysterious land beyond the grave,' otherwise Dives and Lazarus would both have been there, for both had died. But Lazarus was not there. An impassable chasm separated him from that place. In fact, hell is there described as the exact opposite to the place where Lazarus was. But Lazarus was in a place of everlasting happiness, therefore Dives was in a place of endless torments—the place which is justly called in English, hell."

"So a body can know as much of Oriental languages as Sylvia and still believe the eternal truths," broke in spiteful Bridget.

"Yes," replied Father Casey, "and Sylvia and all of us can learn that by studying the Bible without a guide as she has done we can most easily be led into error. When God gave us the Bible, containing the things He wants us to believe and do, He took care to guard us against these errors by giving us a living authority with a divine commission to explain the Bible. That living authority is the Catholic Church. The Catholic Church teaches that there is a place of torments where they, who stubbornly adhere to mortal sin even in their dying moments, will be tormented forever. Therefore we know on God's authority that there is a hell."

"But it seems so unreasonable," urged Sylvia.

"That is unreasonable which is opposed to right reason. Anything that the vast majority of human beings, possessed of right reason, have believed in all lands and all ages, cannot be opposed to right reason. But history shows that the vast majority of human beings have always believed in hell. Therefore the belief is not unreasonable."

"God is too good to send anyone to hell," persisted Sylvia doggedly.

"The fact that God is good does not prevent Him from punishing the evil-doer. I suppose that your parents were good, yet, if they were, they did not spare the shingle when their little Sylvia needed it."

"They certainly could have used it more than they did—and to good effect," broke in Bridget.

Miss Sylvia quite ignored Bridget's uncharitable remark in her

effort to remember the next argument in her book against hell. Suddenly she hit upon it.

"The punishment inflicted on us by a good father or mother is medicinal—it is intended to correct our faults and make us good. But hell, as Catholics imagine it, will torture the sinner forever but never make him better."

"Not changing the subject," said Father Casey, "but I understand there is a strict rule in the academy where you girls are studying, according to which any girl that steals away from the grounds alone will be immediately expelled. I understand that all good fathers and mothers highly approve of this rule. Is this a medicinal punishment? Will it make the girl that is expelled a better girl?"

"No, but it will scare the wits out of the others," cried Bridget.

"Yes," continued Father Casey, "and prevent them from making fatal mistakes. It may seem hard on the guilty one that is expelled, but the common good is at stake. And the common good always takes precedence over the individual good. So, too, when God condemns the stubborn reprobate to eternal suffering in hell, it strikes fear into others and saves them from the misfortune of losing sight of the high and noble end for which they were created."

"Nature's nobleman serves his Maker through love and not through fear!" Sylvia did not forget to adorn this deep thought with another moving picture gesture.

"Was it love or fear that made you stop cheating in exams when Sister Caritas caught you?" questioned spiteful little Bridget.

"Nature's noblemen and noblewomen are made and not born," said Father Casey. "Every one has good inclinations; every one has evil inclinations, too—even Sylvia here, otherwise she would not have stooped to such a dishonorable action as cheating in exams. These good inclinations are developed and these evil inclinations repressed through a happy blending of love and fear. One that knows human nature intimately will understand that there are moments of passion in the life of almost all persons when the love of God is powerless to restrain them. If they did not fear hell, they would give themselves up to the most shameful sins. But the fear of hell restrains them. In their fear they turn to God for help. Thus they learn to know God better and better until the love of God becomes the ruling motive of their lives. Thus hell has filled heaven with elect. None have ever served God with a purer love than the saints, and at the same time

none have feared hell more than they. Indeed, in the case of many saints, it was the fear of hell that first weaned them away from the empty pleasures of this world and started them upon their life of heroic virtue. How truly Scripture says, 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom'!"

"A girl I knew at home," interrupted Cecelia Darcy, "was always telling me that we ought to serve God through love and not through fear. Well, she ran away with a married man and the man's wife felt so bad about it she went crazy and—"

"Unfortunately, Cecelia, there are too many people in the world today a great deal like the girl you mention. They are morally so flabby that they won't stand up and make a manly and persevering fight against their evil inclinations. They intend to keep on committing their pet sins, but the thought of the punishment awaiting them from the just God they have offended makes them uncomfortable. That is why they try to make themselves believe that there is no hell. The slogan: 'Noble natures labor for love alone,' looks grand on paper. In practice it too often works out pretty much the same as with Cecelia's friend. Let the fear of God be struck into such persons by a violent thunderstorm, for instance, and they will see how black and deformed their soul really is, though it looked so angelic under the 'love-alone' treatment. Nobody knows better than the devil how much the fear of hell helps people to behave themselves. That is why he tries so hard to destroy belief in hell. Take any spiritualist medium that is not a fraud, but really assisted by the devil, and you will find that medium will not talk for two minutes without throwing out hints to lead the hearers to doubt the existence or the eternity of hell."

"I do not wish you to think," said Sylvia condescendingly, "that I would have the wrong-doer go unscathed. He must be chastised for his wickedness. That is only just. But he has suffering sufficient in this life. The shame, the confusion he feels, the bitter reproaches of his own conscience, are punishment enough. The sinner has his hell within his heart."

"My poor Sylvia, experiences of the world will show you that the hell within the sinner's heart is often a very comfortable little hell. If sinners had no fear of punishment in the next world, the hell within their heart would seldom restrain them from perpetrating any crime to which they felt violently impelled. Why, my child, many a pure, holy soul suffers unspeakably more from scruples, from the fear of

having displeased God in some indefinite way, than the hardened men and women who have deadened their consciences by habitual sin. If there is no hell except the sufferings of this life, then we have no assurance of escaping hell by leading a virtuous life, and even if we had, such a mild form of hell would be powerless to restrain us at times when we stand most in need of restraint."

"At least," urged Sylvia, "there is no need of making hell last forever in order to strike, what you call, a salutary fear, into the sinner's heart. I believe that, if there is a hell, it will one day come to an end, and then all God's children will be united in the endless bliss of their Father's home."

"Your suppositions, Miss Sylvia, are contradicted by facts. Every day we see men and women who are not restrained from sin even by the belief in an eternal hell; how little they would fear a hell that they know would one day come to an end!"

"But God will not punish us eternally for a sin which took but a moment to commit. There would be no proportion between the crime and the punishment."

"It takes only a moment to commit murder," said Father Casey, "and yet every one admits that lifelong imprisonment is none too strict a punishment for it. Mortal sin is an infinite offense, for it is a deadly insult offered to the infinite God. Therefore it deserves a punishment without limit. You speak of sin as something momentary. The sins punished in hell are not momentary but perpetual. None are sent to hell except those who have deliberately become enemies of God by mortal sin, and furthermore—mark this well—who have gone on till death stubbornly repulsing every attempt at reconciliation on God's part. Death found their will bad, deformed by mortal sin, at enmity with God. And, in whatever condition death finds their will, in that condition it remains for all eternity. Thus the will of the reprobate is eternally hostile to God and justly merits God's eternal chastisements. Besides, if hell were not everlasting, the hardened reprobate could go on defying God forever. Even while he was mocking God to His face, God would be obliged, at the end of the period assigned for the duration of hell, to lift him up and welcome him among the angels and saints. Think of it, a beastly debauchee like Nero or Caligula, who wallowed in shameful excesses that we dare not even name—think of such a one though he died without a sign of repentance, though his wicked will be hardened in guilt for all eternity—think of him, ad-

mitted to heaven after a temporary sojourn in hell and there placed upon terms of the closest intimacy with a spotless Agnes or Cecelia, nay even with the Blessed Mother of God herself! No, my child, unpleasant truths are truths still. All who have any idea of the fitness of things know that hell exists and will exist forever."

"Then a Catholic must hold that God creates beings whom He foresees (for He foresees everything) will be tortured in hell for all eternity!"

"Yes, He does. And no one can show that there is anything in this action contrary to His divine perfections. It is true that you chose the crudest and most repulsive way of stating the fact. To speak with due respect we should say: God creates beings and gives them the priceless treasure of a free will and offers them the boundless merits purchased for them by the Blood of His own Son. He does this even though He sees that some of them will abuse the gift of free will and reject the divine graces so generously offered them and thus render themselves forever unfit for the company of the blessed in heaven. If God could not create a man whom he foresaw would willfully damn himself if created, then that wicked man, even before he had begun to exist, would be the master, and the great God would be forced to obey him, thus—"

"O sister, sister!" came the clear eager voice of a breathless girl. "The man says we can have coffee for sixty cents a gallon."

C. D. McENNIRY, C. Ss. R.

Faith teaches that when Our Saviour comes to us in a worthy Communion it is absolutely certain that He gives us an increase of divine grace. That is to say, He enlightens our mind so that we can see our duty more clearly, He strengthens our will so that we are more firm in doing what is right, He increases the true, practical love of God within our hearts, and adds to the treasure of merits laid up for us in heaven.

These are the certain and solid fruits of every worthy Holy Communion; the sweetness and tenderness you may or may not feel, are only doubtful and secondary.

BEYOND CALVARY

The beauties of the Saints, the heavenly music and all the other delights of Paradise, form but the lesser portion of its treasures. The possession which gives the soul its fullness of bliss is that of seeing a loving God face to face. Even in this world, when God gives a soul in prayer a taste of his sweet presence, and by a ray of light discovers to it His goodness and the love which He bears it, so great is the contentment that the soul feels itself melt away in love; and yet, in this life, it is not possible for us to see God as He is; we behold Him obscured, as through a thick veil. What, then, will it be, when God shall take away that veil from before us, and shall cause us to behold Him face to face!

Although the souls that love God are the most happy in this world, yet they cannot, here below, enjoy a happiness full and complete; that fear, which arises from not knowing whether they be deserving of the love or the hatred of their beloved Saviour, keeps them, as it were, in perpetual suffering. But in Paradise the soul is certain that it loves God, and is loved by God; and it sees that that sweet tie of love which holds it united with God, will never be loosened throughout all eternity. The flames of its love will then be increased by the clearer knowledge which the soul will then possess of what the love of God has been in being made man, and having willed to die for it; and in having, moreover, given Himself to it in the Sacrament of the Eucharist. Its love will then be increased by beholding in all their distinctness, the graces which He has given it in order to lead it to heaven; it will see that the crosses sent to it in lifetime have all been artifices of His love to render it happy. It will see, besides the mercies He has granted it, the many lights and calls to penance.

The happiness of the blessed soul will be perfected by knowing with absolute certainty that that God whom it then enjoys it will enjoy for all eternity. Were there to be any fear in the blessed that they might lose that God whom they now enjoy, Paradise would no more be Paradise. But no; the blessed soul is certain, with the certainty which it has of the existence of God, that that supreme Good which it enjoys it will enjoy forever.

When, therefore, we see ourselves afflicted with the sufferings of this life, let us console ourselves by saying, Paradise! These sufferings will one day come to an end; nay they will themselves become

objects over which to rejoice. The Saints await us; the angels await us; Mary awaits us; and Jesus stands with the crown in His hand wherewith to crown us if we shall be faithful to Him.

ALPHONSUS LIGUORI.

I.

LUCINDA

As fortune would have it, there lived in the upper flat at 1410 Harding avenue, Mr. James Stark with his family: his wife, their son Gerald, twenty-three, young and brawny, and Mary, sixteen to the day every time you asked her. The other children were married and had homes of their own. In the lower flat, as fortune would have it too, lived old Widow McGurk (from County Kerry, she always said) with her daughter Geraldine. It is queer, is it not, that the names were so much alike. Gerald and Geraldine often met, in passing in and out, said "Good morning" and "Good evening" to one another, but that was all. Their mothers—though so different in character—often sat together on the back porch or in the kitchen and talked, each about the virtues of her favorite. But something awful happened.

Twice now Gerald had come home from his work and Geraldine was not sweeping the front step as he passed in and did not smile or say "Good evening." A third, yes, and a fourth time it happened. He could not bear it longer. On the following evening he hit upon a plan. He would ask Widow McGurk whether she would lend him a hammer. That would give him an opening.

"Good evening, Mrs. McGurk," he said, as he looked around the trim kitchen and listened and evidently missed something; "I wanted to ask you, have you a hammer you would lend me? And where is Miss McGurk tonight?"

"Arrah—Geraldine is gone out tonight. That young Braley came and called for her; and they went off together."

"So," said Gerald; he could say no more. "That Braley—what has he got to do with Miss McGurk; I always felt he was my enemy, somehow"—he mumbled to himself on his way up the steps. "But he's a scoundrel—I am convinced of it; he only means to harm her and me." Here, having reached the head of the stairs, he stopped suddenly and, tapping his chest dramatically, said: "But why are you bothered about her, Gerald Stark?—why?" he persisted. "Gerald,"

he finally said, "you'll have to own up; you're not so disinterested as it might seem."

This seemed to be a criminal admission. Having reached his room, he pounced down upon his chair, threw the hammer aside, and snatched up his papers with a sort of rage. They were advertisements he had brought home to study—he was a salesman and he was anxious to learn how to talk up his wares. So he carefully watched advertisements, was taking a correspondence course, and sometimes went into other stores to investigate different methods. He was bound to succeed. But tonight, somehow, he could not put his mind down to it. He rose, paced up and down the room—his thoughts went up and down with him; when flashes of consciousness came, these thoughts were always of Geraldine. Once he stopped—listened—his face grew brighter as he heard the door open in the lower flat and light girlish footsteps just below his own room.

"Does she occupy that room?" he thought; "I never knew it. Well, it's none of my business anyway."

He sat down once more to his work. As if a great weight had been taken off his mind, now he succeeded in making some progress, and soon he was all engrossed. Suddenly, however, he wheeled around in his chair, poised his head sideways in the attitude of one listening intently—his hand came up to his ears and his brow knitted into wrinkles that told plainly of strain and mystery and dread all at once.

"What was that? Where is that voice coming from?"

"Ah! This is your reply, is it? Do you thus turn me down? Is this your sacred word and pledge? Yes, you must withdraw your engagement—and why?"

Gerald rose on tiptoes; actually, it seemed as though the voice was coming from just below. Could it be?

"You must break the engagement, and—why? Your honor—that of your family demand it. You must care for your honor and who will care for mine?"

By this time, Gerald was down on all fours, with his head near to the floor, as if he could hear better there. He was breathing hard. He crawled over to where the heating-pipe passed up through the floor, and a loose fitting allowed plenty of room for sound waves. For the voice was becoming always more intense, more subdued, more hissing. He could scarcely catch the words—he had to patch the broken utterances as best he could.

"Then I'll take care of myself. Come, dainty little bottle. Ugh! What a piercing odor; but you will save my honor. One bitter mouthful and then—sweet dreams forever! But, how I shudder. Death! Huh! Death! And what then? . . . Away fears! I'll save my honor. Just one mouthful of this deadly drink—Listen! Footsteps are approaching.—Quick, hide this flask! How my hair is tangled in my excitement! Quiet nerves! . . . Mother must know nothing of this." . . .

Gerald was still listening; though the sounds had ceased below, still his ear was to the opening in the floor, eager to catch every dreadful word. He did not even hear the door of his own room open. All of a sudden somebody stumbled over him, spilling a pitcher of cold water down his back. He sprang up, scared to death. But a frightened scream told him it was only his mother.

"Gerald!" she said at last, recovering from her fright, "how you frightened me! What on earth were you doing on the floor?"

"A—A—why, I was looking under the bureau."

"Looking under the bureau! in the dark! And did you forget your supper entirely? I was just bringing you some fresh water, thinking you might be sick."

"O no; it's nothing; I'm all right, mother!"

"Well, then, come in to supper immediately. But what you were looking for under the bureau, in the dark, I can't see."

The two went out into the little dining room, and, as they passed under the light, Mrs. Stark cast a searching glance at her boy. Evidently she was not entirely reassured. She shook her head sadly, but said no more. Gerald ate his supper silently, while Mrs. Stark watched from one corner of the room, where she sat knitting winter socks; and Mr. Stark watched him from another, as he raised his glasses above his newspaper every time he got to the end of a column. The horrors of that voice, hissing despair, still rang in Gerald's ears; how could he eat! He folded his napkin, said his prayer, and was going back quietly to his room, when his mother caught him, and drawing him toward herself whispered into his ear:

"What's the matter, Gerrie, my boy? You aren't well, I know it!"

"O nothing, mother; I'll be all right in the morning, I'm sure."

"I think you had better go to bed immediately. Your head feels feverish, too. I'll make you some hot mullen-tea; that will fix you up."

Gerald knew there was no use protesting, so he did not protest; he simply submitted to the inevitable. "Hot tea," he thought, "and she, perhaps, is taking carbolic, or prussic, or some other burning acid!" It almost drove him mad. What should he do? His night-prayers were heroically attempted, but he always forgot where he had left off. Finally he got into bed, and till the hot tea came, thought: What shall I do? And thought, after his mother had turned down the light and tip-toed out of the room—What shall I do? And thought, deep into the night: What shall I do! I must save her. But . . . what have I got to do with it anyway? . . . Why should I mix in here? . . . Why . . .

Sleep graciously relieved his burning brain.

II.

Next evening when Gerald came home from work and was passing into the house, what was his surprise to see, seated near the window, with her head resting in her hands in a way that to him spoke louder than words: "I'm afraid I can't carry it any longer!" Geraldine McGurk. Before her lay a bit of folded crumpled paper: the letter, he thought, part of whose galling contents he had overheard the previous night. He hesitated for a moment; should he go in and show her that life was still worth living? No; he would not intrude. "The picture of misery!" he simply sighed and slipped quietly up to his room.

The supper finished under his mother's scrutiny, as sharp and penetrating as the searchlights that sweep the battle-plain at night in Europe, Gerald decided to allay all his mother's anxiety by going to the Parish Club as usual for a little recreation. In the midst of his preparations he heard someone whistle outside. Then he could plainly hear Geraldine hasten out. He waited a few anxious moments for her return; she did not come. "Trouble!" he murmured to himself; and he snapped on his collar and tie and coat and hurried out, determined to find out the truth, now or never. But out on the street, he found himself alone in the semi-darkness. Up and down the street there was no one in sight; no sound, no clue whatever. The puzzle of it took an unshakeable grip upon his mind and he vainly tried to enjoy himself at the club. He called himself a fool and everything else for bothering about this affair. At last he went home.

Just as he turned the corner and started across the street toward 1410, the lights were switched on in the lower flat and there stood

Geraldine. She was in the attitude of despair: a most dramatic picture; her head thrown back looking up toward the ceiling, her hands clasped in a convulsive grip, her lips seeming to utter flaming words. Suddenly she straightened up, as if recollecting herself; she came quickly toward the window and pulled down the shade.

That was enough for Gerald. Before he himself knew how, he was in the house. For a moment he stopped at the lower door and listened; he could hear nothing except the patter of his own heart. He dashed up the stairs in such excitement that he failed to hear his mother call him. Having reached his room, he stood there in the dark and listened. Yes, she was talking, whispering, hissing, rather.

"Ah! This is your reply, is it? For the sake of your family! Ha! Ha! For the sake of your honor! . . . Ha! Ha!" . . . How demoniacal almost, that cold, scornful laugh seemed to Gerald! He crouched down to his old position on the floor. "The cur!" he muttered, "whoever it is! . . . Listen!"

"Here is the ring! It is slimy as a curled snake! . . . Away with it!" . . . And Gerald actually thought he heard the click as the little rim of gold fell on the pavement just below his window.

"And these gifts . . . into the fire with them! . . . And for myself—what is it you say? Let me read it again: 'My darling Princess: With a bleeding heart, I break to you the news that we must part. The honor of my family and my own honor make it necessary—yes, it could only be absolute necessity that could force me to this—make it necessary for me to break off our engagement . . . ' Ha! This is your reply—your last word, is it? Must we part? . . . Must you safeguard the honor of your family and your own? . . . And am I a whelp? . . . Who, then, will safeguard mine? . . . O miserable sheet of paper, every letter on you is a flame! . . . I shall tear it to . . . No! No! . . . I shall sign it with my own blood so that people may read in it the shame of the man who abandoned me . . . There 'tis done . . . And now, come phial of everlasting sleep . . . I am weary of life . . . "

There was, thought Gerald, not a moment to lose. Like a flash he was out of the room, down the steps, into Widow McGurk's trim little parlor, making straight for Geraldine's room. What though he knocked the pitcher and basin from his washstand as he rose from the floor; what though he seemed to tear the carpet from the steps as he half ran, half slid down; what though his rush made a noise like

thunder; what though chairs and table rolled to both sides of his advance, like soldiers before a cannon-ball: he must save her, ere it be too late. He seized the door-knob in his mighty grasp, and putting his weight against it, the door burst open, the splinters of lock and latch flying in all directions. In an instant, like a man blown in on the wings of a cyclone, he stood in the room—just in time to catch Geraldine in his arms. Limp, ragged, lifeless, like a loose bundle of feathers and down, she hung over his arm. The cold beads stood on Gerald's brow. Was he too late? Gently he bore her to the bed and laid her upon it and pulled out a great flask of eau-de-cologne which he—terror knows not reason—had seized from his table, no doubt to staunch the wound or stop the blood.

A wail and a rush told him that Widow McGurk was at his side by now.

"Mercy of heavens!" she cried, running in, "what has happened? What's the matter! Speak!"

"Hush!" said Gerald, putting his finger to his lips; he must preserve his calm and be master of the situation. "Hush! Don't let her know! She seems all right!"

By this time, Mrs. Stark, too, had appeared, so terrified she could scarcely speak; while Mary (who was still sixteen) stood in the rear, wringing her hands, in a state of mind in which—truth to tell—it was hard to say whether curiosity or dread predominated.

"Du lieber Himmel!" Mrs. Stark at last ejaculated; in her excitement her emotions vibrated in their natural chords. "Gerald! Geraldine! What on earth is the matter? The carpet is torn from the steps! Mrs. Martin's chairs are broken! And here the girl lies pale as death! What is it?" . . .

All the while Gerald was trying by desperate signs to subdue his mother. At the first opportunity, he broke in:

"Don't talk so loud, mother! Act as if nothing were wrong. It will do her good. She is out of her mind a little! She has just fainted—only a faint. Go, make her some beef-tea; that will strengthen her!" he added with the assurance of a practiced physician. The two women and Mary bustled out of the room with various exclamations of fear and horror, debating whether it should be beef-tea or mullen-tea. They had scarcely left the room, when Geraldine opened her eyes and slowly looked around and as she did her astonishment, or was it fright, seemed to grow.

"What's the matter," she asked with a trembling voice, "what was it? . . . Robbers? . . . A cyclone? . . . An earthquake?"

"Yes, yes," said Gerald, trying to calm her; "but it's all over now. Don't worry at all. But tell me,"—here he whispered—"did you take it?"

"Take what?"

"I know it all; I heard you; the poison, I mean, did you take it?"

Geraldine stared at the young man a long moment; then every muscle in her body relaxed; she sank back into the pillows; her eyes opened wide; she wiped them hard; then she hid her face in her hands. But, she could not hide the laughter that rippled from ear to ear.

"Gerald, you dear old fool," she managed to say at last, "I was just practicing my part in the Parish play; I'm to be Lucinda, the unfortunate Princess. Suddenly I thought there was an earthquake, and when my door flew open, I was so frightened I don't know what happened."

Gerald said the funniest things you would want to hear. He seemed for a moment to contemplate diving out of the window. But Geraldine relieved him.

"Never mind; I'll take the beef-tea and I'll tell them I fainted. I did, didn't I? And we'll hush it up."

So they did. Mrs. Stark and Widow McGurk had their usual confabulation the next morning.

"Mysterious!" said Mrs. Stark, shaking her head principally left to right.

"It's the Lord's own secret!" said Widow McGurk, shaking her head, principally right to left. "But it seems to have done Geraldine lots of good anyway."

"Yes," added the other, "and Gerald was his old self this morning; I had been worrying about him this last week."

And it remained a secret till the wedding day.

AUGUSTINE T. ZELLER, C. Ss. R.

A hearty, "God Bless You," to the large number of charitable readers who heeded our appeal and sent in a new subscriber for the *Ligurian*. Others, we are sure, will not omit the helpful word for the good cause when circumstances of time and place and person are opportune.

he finally said, "you'll have to own up; you're not so disinterested as it might seem."

This seemed to be a criminal admission. Having reached his room, he pounced down upon his chair, threw the hammer aside, and snatched up his papers with a sort of rage. They were advertisements he had brought home to study—he was a salesman and he was anxious to learn how to talk up his wares. So he carefully watched advertisements, was taking a correspondence course, and sometimes went into other stores to investigate different methods. He was bound to succeed. But tonight, somehow, he could not put his mind down to it. He rose, paced up and down the room—his thoughts went up and down with him; when flashes of consciousness came, these thoughts were always of Geraldine. Once he stopped—listened—his face grew brighter as he heard the door open in the lower flat and light girlish footsteps just below his own room.

"Does she occupy that room?" he thought; "I never knew it. Well, it's none of my business anyway."

He sat down once more to his work. As if a great weight had been taken off his mind, now he succeeded in making some progress, and soon he was all engrossed. Suddenly, however, he wheeled around in his chair, poised his head sideways in the attitude of one listening intently—his hand came up to his ears and his brow knitted into wrinkles that told plainly of strain and mystery and dread all at once.

"What was that? Where is that voice coming from?"

"Ah! This is your reply, is it? Do you thus turn me down? Is this your sacred word and pledge? Yes, you must withdraw your engagement—and why?"

Gerald rose on tiptoes; actually, it seemed as though the voice was coming from just below. Could it be?

"You must break the engagement, and—why? Your honor—that of your family demand it. You must care for your honor and who will care for mine?"

By this time, Gerald was down on all fours, with his head near to the floor, as if he could hear better there. He was breathing hard. He crawled over to where the heating-pipe passed up through the floor, and a loose fitting allowed plenty of room for sound waves. For the voice was becoming always more intense, more subdued, more hissing. He could scarcely catch the words—he had to patch the broken utterances as best he could.

"Then I'll take care of myself. Come, dainty little bottle. Ugh! What a piercing odor; but you will save my honor. One bitter mouthful and then—sweet dreams forever! But, how I shudder. Death! Huh! Death! And what then? . . . Away fears! I'll save my honor. Just one mouthful of this deadly drink—Listen! Footsteps are approaching.—Quick, hide this flask! How my hair is tangled in my excitement! Quiet nerves! . . . Mother must know nothing of this." . . .

Gerald was still listening; though the sounds had ceased below, still his ear was to the opening in the floor, eager to catch every dreadful word. He did not even hear the door of his own room open. All of a sudden somebody stumbled over him, spilling a pitcher of cold water down his back. He sprang up, scared to death. But a frightened scream told him it was only his mother.

"Gerald!" she said at last, recovering from her fright, "how you frightened me! What on earth were you doing on the floor?"

"A—A—why, I was looking under the bureau."

"Looking under the bureau! in the dark! And did you forget your supper entirely? I was just bringing you some fresh water, thinking you might be sick."

"O no; it's nothing; I'm all right, mother!"

"Well, then, come in to supper immediately. But what you were looking for under the bureau, in the dark, I can't see."

The two went out into the little dining room, and, as they passed under the light, Mrs. Stark cast a searching glance at her boy. Evidently she was not entirely reassured. She shook her head sadly, but said no more. Gerald ate his supper silently, while Mrs. Stark watched from one corner of the room, where she sat knitting winter socks; and Mr. Stark watched him from another, as he raised his glasses above his newspaper every time he got to the end of a column. The horrors of that voice, hissing despair, still rang in Gerald's ears; how could he eat! He folded his napkin, said his prayer, and was going back quietly to his room, when his mother caught him, and drawing him toward herself whispered into his ear:

"What's the matter, Gerrie, my boy? You aren't well, I know it!"

"O nothing, mother; I'll be all right in the morning, I'm sure."

"I think you had better go to bed immediately. Your head feels feverish, too. I'll make you some hot mullen-tea; that will fix you up."

Gerald knew there was no use protesting, so he did not protest; he simply submitted to the inevitable. "Hot tea," he thought, "and she, perhaps, is taking carbolic, or prussic, or some other burning acid!" It almost drove him mad. What should he do? His night-prayers were heroically attempted, but he always forgot where he had left off. Finally he got into bed, and till the hot tea came, thought: What shall I do? And thought, after his mother had turned down the light and tip-toed out of the room—What shall I do? And thought, deep into the night: What shall I do! I must save her. But . . . what have I got to do with it anyway? . . . Why should I mix in here? . . . Why . . .

Sleep graciously relieved his burning brain.

II.

Next evening when Gerald came home from work and was passing into the house, what was his surprise to see, seated near the window, with her head resting in her hands in a way that to him spoke louder than words: "I'm afraid I can't carry it any longer!" Geraldine McGurk. Before her lay a bit of folded crumpled paper: the letter, he thought, part of whose galling contents he had overheard the previous night. He hesitated for a moment; should he go in and show her that life was still worth living? No; he would not intrude. "The picture of misery!" he simply sighed and slipped quietly up to his room.

The supper finished under his mother's scrutiny, as sharp and penetrating as the searchlights that sweep the battle-plain at night in Europe, Gerald decided to allay all his mother's anxiety by going to the Parish Club as usual for a little recreation. In the midst of his preparations he heard someone whistle outside. Then he could plainly hear Geraldine hasten out. He waited a few anxious moments for her return; she did not come. "Trouble!" he murmured to himself; and he snapped on his collar and tie and coat and hurried out, determined to find out the truth, now or never. But out on the street, he found himself alone in the semi-darkness. Up and down the street there was no one in sight; no sound, no clue whatever. The puzzle of it took an unshakeable grip upon his mind and he vainly tried to enjoy himself at the club. He called himself a fool and everything else for bothering about this affair. At last he went home.

Just as he turned the corner and started across the street toward 1410, the lights were switched on in the lower flat and there stood

Geraldine. She was in the attitude of despair: a most dramatic picture; her head thrown back looking up toward the ceiling, her hands clasped in a convulsive grip, her lips seeming to utter flaming words. Suddenly she straightened up, as if recollecting herself; she came quickly toward the window and pulled down the shade.

That was enough for Gerald. Before he himself knew how, he was in the house. For a moment he stopped at the lower door and listened; he could hear nothing except the patter of his own heart. He dashed up the stairs in such excitement that he failed to hear his mother call him. Having reached his room, he stood there in the dark and listened. Yes, she was talking, whispering, hissing, rather.

"Ah! This is your reply, is it? For the sake of your family! Ha! Ha! For the sake of your honor! . . . Ha! Ha!" . . . How demoniacal almost, that cold, scornful laugh seemed to Gerald! He crouched down to his old position on the floor. "The cur!" he muttered, "whoever it is! . . . Listen!"

"Here is the ring! It is slimy as a curled snake! . . . Away with it!" . . . And Gerald actually thought he heard the click as the little rim of gold fell on the pavement just below his window.

"And these gifts . . . into the fire with them! . . . And for myself—what is it you say? Let me read it again: 'My darling Princess: With a bleeding heart, I break to you the news that we must part. The honor of my family and my own honor make it necessary—yes, it could only be absolute necessity that could force me to this—make it necessary for me to break off our engagement . . .'
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"Yes, yes," said Gerald, trying to calm her; "but it's all over now. Don't worry at all. But tell me,"—here he whispered—"did you take it?"

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Geraldine stared at the young man a long moment; then every muscle in her body relaxed; she sank back into the pillows; her eyes opened wide; she wiped them hard; then she hid her face in her hands. But, she could not hide the laughter that rippled from ear to ear.

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	Catholic Anecdotes	
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"THE LORD LOVETH A CHEERFUL GIVER"

Father Thomas Burke tells us how generously his parents made the sacrifice, when he left home to become a Dominican priest: "The father, like an Irish father, gave up willingly the son whom he loved best of all; for it is the peculiarity of Irish parents to give to God the best they have, and to give it cheerfully, because: 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' I have seen in other lands—in France and Italy—young men asking to be admitted to the priesthood, and the father and mother saying: 'How can we give him up? How can we sacrifice our child?' trying to keep him back with tears and entreaties. O my friends! when I witnessed that I thought of the old woman in Galway, who had no one but me, her only son; I thought of the old man bending down towards the grave, with the weight of years upon him; and I thought of the poverty that might stare them in the face when their only boy was gone; and yet no tear was shed; no word of sorrow was uttered; but, with joy and pride, the Irish father and Irish mother knew how to give up their only son to the God that made him."

On another occasion, he said: "It has been said that the highest ambition of most Irish parents is to rear a son for the sanctuary; and this, which is sometimes said by the enemies of the Church as if it were a reproach, is the grandest testimony to the undying faith and devotion of a martyred people. But it is not every household that can produce a priest. The Lord must truly build and guard such a house. There we must find a virgin faith sanctified by traditions of unbroken loyalty to the Church of God. There must the young Levite breathe from infancy an atmosphere of purity and domestic piety. The voice of prayer must be familiar to him from his earliest youth. From his mother's lips and the example of his father must he learn the first lessons of what is destined to develop into sacerdotal holiness."

This influence, which home and father have for good or evil, is shown in another passage: "O my friends! what a blessing it is for a grown man in after-life to be able to look back to the days of his early childhood, and say of the old man that is in his grave: 'I never heard a bad word from him; I never saw him in a position unworthy

of a man; I never heard from his lips, nor saw in his life, anything that could teach me sin or vice. His example, by which my character was formed, was that of a saint—a perfect Christian.’”

A MISSION INCIDENT

Frequently instances are related of the severe chastisements visited by God on those that despise the grace of a mission. By way of exception, the following occurrence, full of consolation and encouragement, will be narrated: On Sunday, July 11, 1886, two Redemptorist Fathers began a mission in St. Teresa's parish, in San Francisco. At that early date the parish was in its pioneer days. The little church was a most unpretentious frame building. The windows were so low it was easy to look out of them when sitting in a pew. But the parish possessed one treasure. It was a young man who was a model to all. When, on the Wednesday following, the Fathers began to hear the confessions of the adults, he was one of the first to present himself. The next day he was among the communicants. A day later, on Friday, the pastor was hurriedly called. This same young man had been taken sick, quite suddenly and dangerously. The pastor found him unconscious and administered Extreme Unction. Three-quarters of an hour later the young man was a corpse. In the funeral oration the pastor spoke of the exemplary life the young man had led and the consolation he must have felt, on entering eternity, of having profited of the grace of the mission. The pastor also took occasion to exhort those that might be less prepared in case a sudden summons of death were to overtake them.

HERBERT SPENCER'S LAMENT FOR WANT OF BLESSED FAITH

Anti-Christian scientists are a bane to themselves even. Said Dom Gasquet, when here recently “I was acquainted with Herbert Spencer; he was a great friend of my brother. Mr. Spencer was well-known in America as an author whose works were hostile to the teachings of religion. He was the great exponent of agnostic philosophy, a system of philosophy hostile to our faith. Spencer went to see my brother when the latter was dying. Afterward he said: ‘Oh,

what would I give to have that man's faith! I have lived long enough to see that which I rested upon as certain was proved uncertain, and I would give anything to have the faith of a Catholic man!"—*The Missionary*.

TWO TORRENTS

Israel Zangwill, the well-known Jewish author and playwright, writing in his latest book, "Italian Fantasies," says:

"There are two torrents that amaze me—the one Niagara, and the other the outpouring of reverent prayer falling perpetually in the Catholic Church. What with Masses and the Exposition of the Host, there is no day nor moment of the day in which the praises of God are not being sung somewhere—in noble churches, in dim crypts and underground chapels, in cells and oratories. Niagara is indifferent to spectators, and so is the ever-falling stream of prayer. As steadfastly and unremittingly as God sustains the universe, so steadfastly and unremittingly is He acknowledged, the human antiphony answering the divine strophe."—*Pittsburgh Observer*.

SPLENDID BARGAINS!

Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, met the Swiss in the battle of Granson. The Burgundians were confident. They relied upon their heavy armor, their glittering lances, prancing steeds. The Swiss were poor mountaineers. The battle ended in complete defeat for the Burgundians. Among the conditions of surrender, the Swiss obtained possession of the entire camp of the Burgundians, with all provisions and baggage. But alas, they knew not how to estimate the value of the things that fell into their hands. Costly silver plate they bartered away as so many strips of tin. A diamond of enormous size was mistaken for a piece of broken glass and exchanged for an insignificant coin. Well, that happened centuries ago. Such bargains are not made now. Are they not? Are we too well enlightened? Men talk a great deal of religion, honor, morality, and God. But how lightly, how wrongly they value them! How many a boy, healthy, happy, loveable with all his boyish pranks, loveable while the sparkle of innocence beamed from his boyish eyes. But an hour came, an hour of bargain. A comrade made an offer of a little sport, a sinful sport, and at what

price? The price was innocence, the brightest gem in his angelic soul. The bargain was closed and the gem went for filth. How many a girl, reared in a happy home, trained to virtue and grace, a joy to earth and heaven—while the jewel of purity shone from her brow. But an hour came, an hour of bargain, and what did she purchase! The jewel is gone but what is there in its place? Perhaps brazen-faced now, perhaps tear-stained—well, 'tis her secret. But a poor bargain it was. Thus jewels are squandered. Ah, another age of clearer and more searching light will break, when men will see things in another light, the light of God. The light of Glory, or the choking qualms of hell will prove the real value of our bargains.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT, THE TREE'S INCLINED

Lucille . . . and Genevieve . . . were first cousins, and almost of an age, for Lucille was born on the new year of 1830, and Genevieve on Lady's Day of that same year. They were among the poorest of the poor in Paris, and many a time, after playing together in the streets, they each went home to supper and found nothing to eat, for their fathers had secured no work.

On such occasions Lucille's father would arise, pale with rage, call his hungry children to the window, draw his great, grimy hand across the one cracked pane to remove the smoke and dust, then point to some well-dressed gentleman or priest passing on the street below, and say: "Children, we are slaves and there are our masters. We are starving and there are the gluttons that fatten on our toil. They have invented the false notion of God and country to hoodwink us and keep us from revolt. Cursed be God and country. Death to the priests and to the rich."

Quite different was the language of Genevieve's father. He would call his children around him and point to a paper picture of Jesus pinned to the wall. "Children," he would say, "He was rich, and He became poor and hungry and homeless for love of us. Poverty must be a blessing or Jesus, the All-wise God, would not have chosen it for Himself. Ask Him to bless you now, then go to bed and try to sleep. Many a time He lay down at night as hungry as you. So He knows just how you feel and He is thinking of you, pitying you, and loving you. Tomorrow, please God, your father will find work and a good dinner for his little ones."

Lucille and Genevieve drifted apart. They never saw each other again except once, and that was but for a moment. It was among the heaps of dead that blocked the midnight streets of Paris after the fierce Socialist uprising of 1848. They met for a moment—Lucille, with torn clothing, face distorted with passion, and a dagger in her bloody hands; Genevieve with a distinctive black robe, a face full of pity and courage, and, like Lucille, bloody hands; but her blood-stained hands were filled with bandages and strengthening cordials. For Lucille was one of the hundreds of Godless women, surpassing the men in savagery, who joined in the fight all day, and went about at night butchering the dying and rifling their pockets. And Genevieve was a Sister of Charity who went about gathering up the wounded and relieving their pain.

NEGLECT TO HAVE MASSES SAID

An old priest tells us that, while he was still a student in the seminary, he was awakened one night at midnight by three distinct raps at his door. He rose at once but could find no one there. The same thing occurred a second night and he laid the matter before his confessor. "The next time it occurs," said the confessor, "say, 'If you are an intelligent being, I command you, in the name of God, to tell me what you want.'" On hearing the three raps the following midnight, the student did as he had been commanded. "I am," said a voice, "the soul of a young man who lived in this seminary many years ago. Through negligence I put the stipends for two Holy Masses in a book of philosophy and then forgot them. I am condemned to remain in purgatory until those Masses are said. That book is now in your possession. Look on a certain page and you will find the money. Have those Masses said and free me from my pains."

Be of good heart, all you who are the children of Mary. Remember that she accepts as her children all those who choose to be such. Rejoice. Why do you fear to be lost, when such a Mother protects and defends you? Say then, O, my soul, with great confidence: I will rejoice and be glad; for whatever the judgment to be pronounced on me may be, it depends on, and must come from, my Mother and my Brother.

—*St. Alphonsus Liguori.*

	Pointed Paragraphs	
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WISDOM NOT GREY HAIRS

Time was when the "age of short dresses" signified the age of innocent childhood. Now, thanks to fashion's latest freak, it signifies every age, even that of wrinkled and decrepit decline. If these ancient dames, grown hoary in the slavery of fashion, can be weaned from their folly neither by a sense of Christian propriety nor by the knowledge that their bad example confirms younger women in these modes of unbecoming exposure, they should at least be dissuaded from it by the thought of the ridiculous figure they cut in the eyes of all who see them in this clownish garb.

DISCONCERTING?

One would think that it would be painfully disconcerting for our materialistic reformers, that, just at the very time when they had succeeded in proving to their own satisfaction, that all crime is due to poverty and unhygienic environment, so many wealthy people should have neglected their wonted care in covering up their tracks and should have been caught red-handed. However, when we consider that no one that pays any attention to either logic or facts can be a materialist, the case may not prove so disconcerting after all.

EVERY GOOD CATHOLIC MAKES FREQUENT MEDITATION

I do not mean that he rises every morning, and kneels for an hour in a dimly-lighted chapel, like a Trappist monk. That is not meditation, that is only the external action that often accompanies meditation. Meditation itself is an internal action, and is possible even while we are busily engaged at our daily work. Meditation is nothing else than directing our mind and heart to God and supernatural things; and every good Catholic does this frequently every day. He really tries to think of what he is saying while he recites his night and morning prayers, and that is meditation; he listens attentively to a sermon whenever possible, and that is meditation; he occasionally reads a page or two in a good book or magazine, and that is meditation; from time to time during the day he remembers

that he is in the presence of an all-seeing God, that an angel of heaven is beside him, that the Blessed Virgin is watching over him, that Jesus died for him, that death and judgment are approaching for him, and all this is the very best kind of meditation. That is a sensible man; he remembers what he is and whither he is going.

ARE YOU GAINING ALL THE INDULGENCES YOU CAN?

There is a rich indulgence attached to many of the good actions that you daily perform and to many of the prayers that you daily say. But do you not perhaps allow them to go to waste? It does not suffice to perform the action to which the indulgence is attached; you must also have the *intention* of gaining the indulgence attached to that work, otherwise you do not gain it. However, a general intention will suffice. Therefore, the moment you read this paragraph, make a general intention of gaining all the indulgences you can in the future, and of having these indulgences applied to yourself, or half of them to yourself and half to the poor souls, or half to the poor souls in general and half to certain souls whom you may designate, or whatever other way you may wish to have them distributed. Renew this general intention from time to time, for instance, every Sunday during Mass. Then you will no longer be losing any of those rich treasures which God in His goodness places at your disposal.

EXAMINE THE GOODS

In ordinary affairs we will not expend fifteen cents for an article without first making sure that the article is genuine, and the kind we require. But, for the education that is doled out to our children in the public schools, we spend billions, in fact, half, or more than half, of the sum total of all the taxes of the country, without ever examining to see whether it is true or false education, whether it is helpful or hurtful to the souls of our children, whether it is an aid or a hindrance to them in striving for the only thing for which they exist in this world—their own eternal salvation.

HE DID NOT GRANT THE DIVORCE

"Judge Burke, at Townson, Md., refused to grant a divorce to a wife who confessed that she had been 'stunned' by the birth of a

child. 'Wives,' he said, 'have no business to try to evade the duties of motherhood. If they will devote themselves to the legitimate interests of the home and family, they will be 'repaid a thousandfold,' and there will be fewer applications for divorce,' he told the woman."—*The Pathfinder*.

"BUT, FATHER, I SHALL GET A DISPENSATION"

How often have we said: "My child, give up keeping company with that non-Catholic. It may result in the great misfortune of a mixed marriage." And how often have we received the answer: "But, father, I shall get a dispensation, and be married by the Priest. He is perfectly willing to make the promises." They do not seem to know that the Bishop has no power to grant a dispensation to marry a non-Catholic, simply because he is willing to make the "promises." There must be some very serious reason for the marriage. After the existence of that serious reason has been proven, then the promises must be made, and then, and only then, can the dispensation be granted.

A VOICE OF OUR PASTORS

It behooves us to remind our working men, the bone and sinew of the people, and the specially beloved children of the Church, that if they wish to observe Sunday as they ought, they must keep away from drinking-places on Saturday night. Carry your wages home to your families, where they rightfully belong. Turn a deaf ear, therefore, to every temptation; and then Sunday will be a bright day for all the family. How much better this than to make it a day of sin for yourselves, and of gloom and wretchedness for your homes, by a Saturday night's folly or debauch.

(Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the third Plen. Council of Balt.)

TIME

Time is the thread from which we weave the garment of eternity. Time is a field; what we sow in its furrows we shall reap in eternity. Time is a treasure that is to be found only in this world; for, after death, "time shall be no more." St. Bernard says: "O moment of

time, on which depends eternity!" St. Bernardine of Sienna says: "A moment of time is worth as much as God Himself for in every moment of time man can make an act of contrition or of love, and thereby secure divine grace and eternal happiness." St. Alphonsus says: "O time so much despised! You are the treasure that worldlings on their deathbed will most desire. Then they will wish for one more year, one more month, one more day, but it will be denied them." St. Laurence Justinian writes: "Ah, what would worldlings at the end of their life not give for only one more hour of time! They would give their lands, their goods, their honors for one single hour—one single hour of meritorious time." And God Himself says in Holy Writ: "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth . . . before the sun and the light be darkened . . . before the cord be broken, and the golden fillet shrink back, and the pitcher be crushed at the fountain, and the wheel be broken upon the cistern, and the dust return to its earth from whence it was, and the spirit return to God who gave it."

CONVENT AND CLOISTER

"How beautiful and majestic is that kingdom of the Holy Ghost—the religious life. An aisle of peace and rest amid the angry waves of the world; a garden planted by God, and blessed with the fat of the earth and the dew of heaven; a majestic mountain where the last sounds of earth come fain and distant, and the first strains of the music of eternity are heard, where God Himself walks with the children of men. How beautiful, in the first centuries of the Church, were not the hermit cells of Nitria, the desert retreats of Thebes, the cave of Subiaco! What peace, what benediction pouring out joy, purity, and godliness upon all the earth! How strikingly appropriate for these holy souls are the words of the Psalmist: 'Blessed is he whom Thou hast chosen and taken to Thee; he shall dwell in Thy courts. We shall be filled with the good things of Thy house . . . Thou hast visited the earth and hast plentifully watered it; Thou hast many ways enriched it. The river of God is filled with water, Thou hast prepared their food . . . Thou shalt bless the crown of the year of Thy goodness; and thy fields shall be filled with plenty. The beautiful places of the wilderness shall grow fruitful, and the hills

shall be girded about with joy . . . all shall shout, and shall sing a
gladsome hymn.' ”

MESCHLER, S. J.

COMPANY KEEPING AGAIN

Some young women have a good laugh when they read or hear the list of precautions laid down by the priest for lawful company keeping. The laugh, interpreted, means: “What does he think we are—old fossils?”

In how many cases will these same persons, five or ten years later, torture every priest that falls in their way with a tearful tale of how unjust and cruel God has been towards them in allotting to them a loveless husband or an unhappy marriage.

We repeat: Christian conduct during company keeping is an insurance on the love and esteem of your future husband and a pledge of God's blessing upon your coming marriage.

AWAITING AN INVITATION

They who stand high in the world's estimation on account of their wealth or their achievements need never be lonely. The long, dreary day, watching for the friend that does not come, is unknown to them. The faintest invitation from them will invariably bring a kindly, smiling guest.

Would you wish to be so fortunate—you who have known loneliness and neglect? You are, did you but know it, even more fortunate! A guest is ever waiting and watching for your permission to visit you. Not a false flatterer, but a friend so true that his love is stronger than death, not a time server, not a leech come to bleed you, but one so rich that mountains of gold and diamonds are less than a trifle in his eyes, one who has everything to give and is in need of nothing.

Why will you be weak while he is ready to come and strengthen you? Why will you be poor while he longs to come and enrich you? Why will you be sad and lonely while he yearns to come and console you and keep you company? You know the Tabernacle where He dwells. Hasten thither with the invitation He so much desires upon your lips. How promptly He will accept it, and what a delightful visit you will enjoy with your divine Guest!

CARRION

"She did a most foolish thing!" We don't deny it. She would not be made of the same mud as the rest of us if she did not do very foolish things from time to time. But think how many wise, prudent, sensible things she does every day and every hour of the day! Why do you pass over these with unseeing eyes as the buzzard passes over all that possesses life and beauty, only to settle down greedily on what is ugly and repulsive.

THE PEACEMAKER

The Holy Father's Lenten pastoral contains another fervent plea for peace. He reminds the world of all that he has done to put an end to the war and how he has pointed out that "each belligerent should clearly state his desires but should be ready to make necessary sacrifices of pride and personal interests, thus ending the monstrous conflict in accordance with justice and re-establishing peace, advantageous to neither side, but profitable to all, and therefore a just and lasting peace.

"The paternal voice," he says, "was not heard. Thus the war continues with all its horrors. I rejoice that our cry for peace has had a profound echo in the hearts of the belligerent peoples, indeed the peoples of the whole world, and has aroused a deep desire to see the sanguinary conflict soon cease. I must therefore once more raise my voice against this war, which appears as the suicide of civilized Europe."

He ends by an appeal, especially to the peoples of neutral nations, to help by their prayers, almsdeeds, and penances to put a stop the misery of the peoples of Europe.

WORLDS TO CONQUER

"How dull and monotonous is life under the regime of 'Safety First!'" Our young people would never dream of saying this in words. Yet how often it takes form in their minds! They are young and generous; the heroic appeals to them. They are honestly desirous of braving danger, of undergoing fatigue, to save those who stand helpless before some deadly peril. Hence their feeling of ennui when the aforesaid deadly peril is not forthcoming.

Must they be told to awake from their dreams, to take a prosaic view of life, to lay aside the epic and study the butcher bill? God forbid! We at least would be the last to lower even one degree that heroic ardor. We would encourage it. It is a beautiful thing. We would find food for it. We would bid them cease waiting for a fire, a train wreck, or a runaway, but to give their attention to a danger that is ever imminent—the danger that threatens the children of the land. Nothing can save these children from evils worse than death but an army of religious—sisters and brothers to help these little ones to find the road that leads to eternal life. Here, young men and young women, is work at hand for you to do—heroic work, lifelong work, Christ-like work. The Master who says, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me,' is inviting you to take up the work. The guardian angels of those millions of children, whose salvation is in danger for want of a Catholic education, are begging you to take it up. How many of you are generous enough to answer the call?

HOMER NODS

While the Protestant denominations of this country see their churches stand practically empty Sunday after Sunday, while they must have recourse to freakish devices wholly repugnant to the house of God in order to lure their members to an occasional service, while they see their own ministers, by the hundred, denying the divinity of Christ and the veracity of the Bible, while they see, in this so-called Christian country that, outside of the Catholic communion, not one man in ten is a practical member of any church—we are dumbfounded to see them convoking a great congress in Panama to devise ways and means for bringing the Gospel to the inhabitants of South America.

But what must we think when we hear these same Protestants, who connive at divorce in defiance of the law of God, and thus threaten the very existence of the holy sacrament of matrimony—what must we think when we hear these same Protestants, whose co-religionists, in the vast majority of cases, are habitually committing criminal actions that are as unlawful between husband and wife as between utter strangers—what must we think when we hear them brazenly declare in their Congress on Religious Work in Latin America: "The marriage institution appears to be weaker on the west coast

of South America than in any other Christian land, in the Mussulman countries, or in the societies of India, Japan, and China."

Our stupefaction at reading these words from a congress of persons who, out of self-defence, should dread the very mention of irregularities in marriage, was removed when we read a few lines further: "The high cost of Church (Catholic) marriages has added greatly to the prevalence of immorality." Now the cat is out of the bag. The poor delegates had to stir up a furore about Popery. It was only on that understanding that their fanatical co-religionists paid for their pleasant steamer trip to the mild climate of Panama. They had to charge some awful crime to the priests of South America, and as they are too busy with suppers and sight-seeing to work out anything probable, who would be so rude as to blame them for grasping at the first idea that presented itself—even though it was such a dangerous question as religious graft and irregularities in marriage.

A girl who is earning seven dollars a week will sit in her five by three room every night for five nights in order to save five movie show admissions and get a spare quarter with which to go to a fortune teller and learn that she is to marry a millionaire and live in a mansion.—*Milwaukee Sentinel*.

And by the same token she will walk two blocks through the rain looking for another restaurant rather than make the thirteenth at table, or she will catch her death of cold pawing through the wet grass, looking for good luck in the form of a four-leafed clover.

No lightning change artist could surpass the counsel to a legislative investigating committee who shifts overnight to the position of witness on the grill.—*New York Sun*.

The surfeit of "investigations" that have sickened us all comes from forgetfulness of the Great Investigation that will one day take place before the tribunal of the Just Judge.

A woman was granted a divorce a few weeks ago in one of our circuit courts. The judge who granted the divorce set it aside when he learned that the woman had been granted a marriage license a few minutes after the decree was issued.

As a speculative question: If the lady already used the license, what would the judge do? Did the divorce decree as a fact unmarry the woman? Did the recall of the decree marry her again to her original husband? If the recall of the decree remarried her, the original husband was remarried to her without his consent or knowledge. Truly there is a multitude of complexities in our marriage and divorce laws. Here is a man married and does not know it. Now you are married and now you are not. When men try to regulate the things which are of God, or when they try to set aside God's laws, they get themselves into a sorry tangle.—*Intermountain Catholic*.

And yet the people who legislated themselves into this hopeless tangle by interfering with the laws of God are shedding crocodile tears

because there are people in South America living together in wedlock without having gone through the legal formalities.

Some museum manager with expert biological training ought to be able to clean up on an exhibition of a tame man from Borneo if shown in Europe immediately after the war.—*Exchange*.

Perhaps God is punishing us for boasting of our wonderful modern civilization.

Women have not been in politics in Chicago very long. But apparently they have learned all the crookedness of the game in a short while. Charges of graft made against one woman politician by another will be investigated by the grand jury. We do not believe that women are worse than men in politics, but they are little if any better and when we are asked to support woman's suffrage in the interest of cleaner politics, we just smile. Woman's suffrage will not clean up politics, but politics can drag down many woman suffragists.—*True Voice*.

There is only one safe recipe for clean politics, social uplift, child-betterment, or any of the other present-day desiderata—the recipe given by Almighty God on Mount Sinai 3500 years ago.

A six-year-old boy who was rescued from drowning was asked how he managed to keep afloat until help came. "I just kept my mouth shut and worked my hands," he replied. In most grave emergencies the example is worth regarding. "Say nothing, and saw wood." The mouth starts most troubles; and is again opened usually to reduce the chance of overcoming the difficulty.—*Catholic Citizen*.

The six-year-old boy's example is especially commendable during these critical times when nine persons out of ten are talking more than is good for national peace and private harmony.

If a toe pains, blame the stars.—*Headline*.

Why not blame the Pope, as usual?

As spring approaches, the difference between a pessimist and an optimist is declared to be that the optimist is waiting to greet the first robin, and the pessimist to swat the first fly.—*Evening Wisconsin*.

Or again, the optimist rejoices to see the crowds lined up for their Easter Confession, and the pessimist grumbles because they are wearing the varnish off the kneeling benches.

Aeroplane elopement reaches divorce court. Art Smith, who flew away with bride, makes charge of desertion.—*Headline*.

Only another case of a marriage beginning as a joke and ending as a tragedy. None but they who look upon marriage as what it really is—a solemn contract and a holy sacrament—can hope to find in it peace and happiness.

	Catholic Events	
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The Washington Post published a news dispatch saying that the year had closed with a deficit of five million dollars in the Papal budget. The Apostolic Delegate in Washington at once wrote to the editor of the Post asking him to deny the report. "Neither the income nor the expenses of the Vatican," he says, "ever reached such a fabulous sum." He admits that the Pope's comparatively meagre income is smaller than usual because the war has necessarily lessened the charitable offerings of the faithful, but that nevertheless the Holy Father has cut down the expenses of the Vatican in order to contribute hundreds of thousands of francs to the suffering.

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Heretofore bigots have been able to lie with impunity about Catholics, Knights of Columbus, etc. It was thought the law could not touch them provided they did not name any person. In the court of appeals of California a decision has just been handed down condemning an editor who had slandered the Knights of Columbus. It holds that anyone who libels a class can be held amenable under the law by any member of that class, for every member is really libeled. If this decision is followed up it is likely to throw many anti-Catholic lecturers and editors out of a job.

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The Very Rev. Bernard Hackett, Redemptorist Rector of Limerick, Ireland, has been made Bishop of Waterford and Lismore.

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The newly appointed Ambassador of Spain to the Holy See is Senor Calbeton. It is said that Spaniards look upon this as the highest office in the diplomatic service.

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Father Gordon, the full-blooded Indian priest, in charge of the Indians in the government institution at Lawrence, Kan., protested against the unfair treatment the Catholics were receiving. His protest was carefully examined and found correct. The government officials then laid down a set of rules which assure fair treatment to the Catholics of the institution for the future. It is thought that these same rules will be extended to all government Indian institutions.

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The Association of Our Lady of Salvation in Paris has sent to the front 3,620 portable altars in order to enable the soldier priests to say Mass.

The Protestant Congress held during the winter in Panama stated that \$10,500,000 have been spent to make Protestants of the people of South America. They should have discovered by this time that they may destroy Catholic belief in some of the South American people, but they can never supplant it with Protestant belief.

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Boston has an Italian council of Knights of Columbus.

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A few days before Christmas Edward Hicks, son of the Anglican Bishop of Lincoln, was received into the Church.

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The Catholic school board of Montreal has approved of the establishment of a system of night schools for workingwomen.

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Such has been the growth of the Church in Protestant Wales that the Holy Father has raised the bishopric of Newport, Wales, to the dignity of an archbishopric and has nominated Right Rev. James Bilsborrow its first Archbishop.

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Following close upon the death of the first volunteer of the Civil War, a Catholic, comes that of James Gilligan, one of the last of the Famous Duryea Zouaves. His father served in the Mexican War and two of his brothers were with the Zouaves in the Civil War. His wife, who survives him, was Mary Gallagher, daughter of a naval veteran. Four of her sons fought in the Spanish War, and Mrs. Gilligan has a letter from President McKinley commending her on being the mother, the wife, and the daughter of a soldierly family.—*Catholic Standard and Times*.

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A convent-inspection bill was recently introduced into the legislature of the state of Kentucky. Copies of the *Menace*, slandering the local house of the Good Shepherd, were secretly placed on the desks of the legislators. The bill was rejected.

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This year marks the silver jubilee of the Catholic Summer School at Cliff Haven. The movement in this country owes its origin to Warren E. Mosher, a convert of the Church.

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The bishops of Poland, in a joint pastoral letter, have set aside a day on which all the people are to pray especially for the Holy Father out of gratitude for the lively interest he has shown in their misfortunes.

Rev. Henry Jajeski, Pastor of St. Casimir's Polish Catholic Church, St. Paul, Minn., was shot and killed by an insane woman in his church, March 4.

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The Knights of Columbus in Pittsburgh have given \$20,000 and their own unstinted labor to safeguard the faith and welfare of 6,000 unfortunate children who found their way into the juvenile courts of that city.

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We record the death of Carl L. Sandin, the well known Arctic explorer. He was a convert and a member of the Third Order of St. Dominic. In one of his books he wrote: "At the North Pole I lost my hearing and found my soul."

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The Extension Society made the record of one new chapel a day for the first twenty-six days of 1916.

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The Queen of Holland has written to the Pope to thank him for his sympathy and help to the victims of the recent floods in the Netherlands.

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Rev. Otis L. Spurgeon, who was unceremoniously escorted out of Denver when he went there to make money by aspersing the character of Catholic women, has now fallen out with his own anti-Catholic companions. He is suing the Knights of Luther for \$10,000.

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On the invitation of Cardinal Gibbons, the Catholic Educational Association will hold its annual meeting at Baltimore. The dates set for the meeting are June 26-29.

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The Revista Catolica gives a detailed description of the death of General Huerta showing the faith and fervor with which he received the sacraments of the dying and prepared to meet his Maker.

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Thirty Mexican nuns stopped at New York last month on their way to Spain. They related how the Carranza officials had confiscated their school, valued at \$250,000, where they had been engaged for years giving free education to the children of the poor, and furthermore how these same officials had driven them out of the place. The nuns were obliged to appeal to friends in Spain for travelling money.

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Luther's wedding ring has been brought to this country and placed in a glass case. Are the followers of Luther falling into the dreadful abomination of honoring relics?

The Liguorian Question Box

(Address all Questions to "The Liguorian" Oconomowoc, Wis.
Sign Questions with name and address.)

How soon after birth must a baby be brought to church to be baptized?

As soon as possible. The more common and more probable opinion of theologians teaches that for parents to needlessly put off the baptism of a child for more than ten or eleven days would be a mortal sin.

If I find some money on the street, must I advertise the fact and seek to find the owner by other means, or may I not keep the money in case the owner doesn't advertise for it?

You are not obliged by justice to pick up money or other lost articles. But if you do pick them up then you assume the obligation of justice of seeking the owner, and in your search you must use moral diligence proportioned to the value of the article found. If the article found is of considerable value, v. g. fifteen or twenty dollars, then it would not be enough ordinarily to merely watch the lost and found columns of the paper, but you should put a notice of your find in the paper and use other likely means to discover the loser. If after a considerable time you are unable to find the owner and there appears no hope of ever discovering him, you may keep the article you found. In case you do find the owner, he is of course obliged to reimburse you for the expense you were put to in trying to find him.

Catholic papers and Catholic preachers are always condemning small families. Why is that? Is there any commandment of God or of the Church prescribing large families? How many children ought Catholic parents to have? Isn't the Holy Family held up as a model and weren't there only three members in it?

This question was apparently dictated by malice and perhaps by a bad conscience, and our first impulse was to consign it to the waste-basket. On second thought we have decided to answer it. Catholic papers and preachers do not condemn small families as such. The Holy Family was a small family. The Church has even canonized men and women who, though mar-

ried, had no children at all, because, by mutual consent, they chose to lead a life of virginity in the married state.

On the other hand, the Church does look with approval on large families, at least for this one obvious reason that several immortal souls are better than one. But the Church makes no attempt to do such an impossible thing as to determine just how many children there ought to be in a Catholic family.

What the Church does condemn and what the law of nature condemns and what all right minded people must condemn is the utter selfishness and wickedness of those husbands and wives who, because they are not willing to forego their own ease and comfort and to put up with the burdens of a number of children, and because they have no trust in divine Providence or fear of divine chastisements, seek to limit the number of their offspring in ways that their own conscience tells them are gravely sinful.

I have just moved into a new parish and find that during the Way of the Cross the congregation remains kneeling during the entire devotion. To gain the indulgences isn't it necessary to turn and face the various stations?

When it is possible to do so one must go from station to station in order to gain the indulgences of the Way of the Cross. When this cannot be done, as in the case of public devotions with many persons present, it is sufficient if the priest, accompanied by acolytes, go from station to station. Whether the people stand in their places and turn towards the successive stations or whether they remain kneeling the whole time is immaterial.

Kindly recommend in the Question Box of the Liguorian a course of study or reading suitable for the members of a Catholic club, especially with reference to church history in the United States.

We know of nothing better for your purpose than the Catholic Encyclopedia. This splendid work in its last volume gives courses of reading and study

for all the various departments of Catholic knowledge. If your club is not able to own a set of the Encyclopedia, why not try to get it into the public library of your city? Most public libraries will put on their shelves copies of any work demanded by a certain number of their patrons.

For the study of the history of the Church in the United States your club ought to subscribe to "The Catholic Historical Review," published by the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., annual subscription three dollars. This fine review is devoted to the study of the history of the Catholic Church in our country.

Why is it that one is not allowed to eat fish and meat at the same meal during Lent? Is it true that, in the South, Catholics are allowed to eat teal duck on days of abstinence?

The law of the Church forbids the use of fish and meat at the same meal during Lent in order to make us practice mortification, do penance for our sins, etc.—A custom recognized by the Church seems to permit Catholics of certain localities to eat teal duck on abstinence days.

Is it true that Joseph Slattery, the anti-Catholic lecturer, was once a priest?

We believe it is true that this unfortunate man was once ordained, and therefore, not only "was" but is and will be for all eternity a priest.

Is there any Catholic daily paper in the United States?

Not in English, as much as such a paper is needed. There are several published in foreign languages.

A young lady friend of mine ran away about a year and a half ago and got married to a young man before a justice of the peace. She has not been to the Sacraments since but is very anxious to return to her duties. What must she do to straighten things out?

As your friend has committed at least one mortal sin, she must first of all make a good confession. Secondly, as she is not really married in the sight of the Church, she must be validly and licitly married. In regard to this let her consult her pastor, who will advise her what steps to take.

May a Protestant friend of the family be God-father for a Catholic child at its baptism?

No. It is the duty of the sponsor

to provide for the Catholic education of the child in case of the death of the parents or of their neglect of their duty. It is clear that no one but a Catholic can properly do this.

What is meant by agnosticism?

Agnosticism is the teaching or system of those who maintain that man can know nothing with certainty but what he perceives by means of his senses; therefore, that God, the soul, and the entire spiritual world are unknowable and that consequently man can have no duties toward them.

May a Catholic sing in the choir of a Protestant church?

No Catholic is ever allowed to take part in heretical worship. If it were merely a question of taking part in a concert not having the nature of a religious service a Catholic might under circumstances assist a choir of Protestants.

Do you think there is any foundation for the reports that have appeared in the paper from time to time to the effect that the Holy Father may remove his residence from Rome to some neutral country till the war is over?

No. A good rule to follow about all these reports concerning the Holy Father is not to believe them. The Holy Father and "people high up in Vatican circles" are not accustomed to tell all their plans and views to newspaper correspondents. In most cases these reports are pure fabrications and are often invented with a view to injure the Holy See.

How old is the present Pope?

Our Holy Father, Pope Benedict XV, was sixty-one years old on the twenty-second of November of last year.

Is it a sin to tell fortunes with cards?

When it is done merely in amusement it is not sinful unless there be danger of superstition.

I recently read in the Question Box of a Catholic magazine that under certain circumstances a Catholic may obtain permission to be a passive or nominal member of the Masonic order. Is this true?

Absolutely not. The Church never grants any such permission. The writer of the answer to the question you mention was evidently thinking of the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows and mistakenly included the Masons in the same class.

	<h2 style="margin: 0;">Some Good Books</h2>	
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We are pleased to call the attention of our readers to the first English translation of Willibald's *Life of St. Boniface*, the Apostle-Martyr of Germany. It is gratifying to note that this translation of the Saint's life comes from the pen of Geo. W. Robinson, Secretary of the Harvard Graduate School of Arts and Sciences. Willibald is a disciple of St. Boniface and it was unusually difficult to put in idiomatic English the labored style of the Anglo-Saxon monk. However, one need only read a few pages of Mr. Robinson's translation to be convinced of how excellently he has executed his task. Harvard University Press. Price \$1.50.

On August 10, 1904, our late Holy Father, Pius X., gave his hearty approval and blessing to a new scheme the object of which was to secure music which should enable the congregation to alternate with a choir of male voices in rendering the music of the sacred liturgy. The young and gifted director of music at the Basilica of Saint Mary Major, Rome, the Rev. Licinio Refice, has been among the first to compose a mass along these lines. Where the scheme is practicable this work, *Missa Choralis*, will prove a real treasure. Its high merits will recommend it to true lovers of real Church music. Published by J. Fisher & Bro., New York. Score, 60 cents.

Of the many methods of assisting at the Holy Sacrifice none is more beneficial or better calculated to inspire devotion than to ponder over the words of the sacred ritual and thus react with the priest the august mystery of Calvary. A valuable aid to this best of all methods is Father Roch's little book, *The Mysteries of the Mass in Reasoned Prayers*. Characteristic of the book is the plan of setting to the principal parts of the Mass pious reflections—in broken lines, which makes the sacred drama of Calvary live again in the mind of the reader and impels him to immolate himself with the great Sacrifice of the Saviour. The book is published by Longmans Green & Co. Price, 50c.

A timely volume entitled *Newman's Gentleman*, by the Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, C. S. C., is a neat and unique analysis of the Cardinal's idea of a gentleman. Father O'Donnell interprets the Cardinal's definition in conjunction with its context in "The Idea of a University." The book is well suited for our higher Catholic students and demonstrates the necessity of a religious foundation for all the natural virtues in order to make them happily harmonize in the making of a true gentleman. Such a book as Father O'Donnell's, introducing us to a more intimate acquaintance with the great Cardinal's writings, is a most welcome boon to the reading public. Longmans Green and Co. are the publishers. Price, 35c.

The Story of the Catholic Church. By the Rev. George Stebbing, C. SS. R., was promised to the public by Sands & Co. for the autumn of 1914 but it has been unavoidably detained. The book is everything that was promised. In the advance notice of it (Cf. LIGUORIAN, Vol. II, p. 239) it was pointed out that the two desiderata for a "Story of the Church" were unity of presentation and Catholic conception. On the first of these requirements the Rev. Author remarks: "To present that matchless story from one point of view in a way that any reader can understand, carrying him on from age to age and from land to land without undue weariness or distraction, but not forgetting the abiding center and living unity which govern it, this has been the author's aim." On the second of these requirements he continues: "This outline is meant to be a history, but a history from a Catholic point of view, unhesitatingly and uncompromisingly so." In the course of the volume the author has lived up to his aim and his claim. The book is most readable and is enhanced by a long chronological index of important events, followed by an excellent list of useful readings, and last, but not least, 25 pages of index which is very complete. B. Herder, St. Louis, handles the book in America. It sells for \$1.80 net.

Lucid Intervals

Rastus was up before the magistrate charged with having stolen chickens from five different flocks. The court, after Rastus had pleaded guilty, expressed some surprise and not a little admiration for the old darkey's skill in getting away so often with the goods.

Rastus said nothing.

The court then said it would like to know how it was done, and even made some indirect mention of a light sentence in return for a full explanation.

But Rastus refused to rise to the bait. Instead he addressed the court in this manner:

"Yo' couldn't do it, jedge, nohow. Ef yo' tried, jedge, yo'd jest be dat clumsy yo'd get caught fust time. Ef yo' wishes to commit any rascality, jedge, yo' better stick to de bench wha' yo' am familiah."

A well-known doctor living in a Southern city has great difficulty in remembering the names of his patients, and often gets into embarrassing predicaments.

One day a lady brought her little boy to see the doctor. The doctor greeted the lady very cordially for he knew her well, but for the life of him he could not recall her name. He examined the boy and started to write a prescription.

Not wishing the lady to know his dilemma he said: "Er—do you spell your name with e or i?"

The lady was somewhat surprised at this and said: "Why, doctor, my name is Hill, H-i-l-l."

A boy's composition. The Human Body consists of three parts, the head, the thorax and the abdomen. The head contains the brains when there is any. The thorax contains the heart and other things. The abdomen contains the bowels of which there are five, a, e, i, o, u, and sometimes w and y.

Tommy arrived home one day with a nice new golf ball.

"Look at the lost ball I found on the links, pa," he said.

"But are you sure, Tommy," asked his father, "that it was a lost ball?"

"Oh, yes," said the boy. "I saw the man and his caddie looking for it."

An old darkey of questionable reputation, who had been a power in the community, had died, and the church was filled with the negroes to hear what the preacher would say regarding him. After a very diplomatic eulogy, the orator wound up his remarks with:

"Now, my brederen, we hopes Uncle Moses is where we thinks he ain't."

Mrs. Beaton was walking through the park recently when two ragged, dirty little boys, who were playing near by, stopped her.

"Say, lady," called out the elder of the two, "me kid brudder does fine imitatin' stunts. Give him a dime an' he will imitate a chicken for youse."

"What will he do—crow?" queried Mrs. Beaton.

"Naw," replied the boy, "no cheap imitations like dat, ma'am. He'll eat a worm!"

A Chicago man, with his two little boys, was visiting a Boston man of his acquaintance. The Bostonian was the delighted by the affection of the two kiddies.

"What a beautiful sight," he exclaimed, "to see your two little boys thus! Such brotherly love is as rare as it is exquisite."

The Chicagoan nodded in assent. "Yes," said he, "those boys are as inseparable as a pair of pants."

"There is but one thing in all the world we can put our faith and reliance in with perfect confidence," said the Sunday school teacher. "Can any little girl tell me what it is?"

"Safetypins," promptly answered a little miss, who had ideas of her own.

"Well, Dinah, I hear you are married."

"Yassum," said the former cook, "Ise done got me a man now."

"Is he a good provider?"

"Yassum. He's a mighty good provider, but Ise powerful skeered he's gwine ter get kotchted at it."